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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE BRITISH ELECTIONS

FORECASTS of the coming Parliamentary elections fill the British press, and will doubtless be thoroughly canvassed in the dispatches before this issue of the *Living Age* reaches our readers. Labor, as the strongest opposition party in the present Parliament, even assuming a union of the Liberal factions, naturally receives the most attention. Mr. Clynes, one of the most prominent prophets of the Party, declares bluntly that Labor will not win this time, but will do so at the next succeeding polling. At the municipal elections held the first of November in the 300 boroughs of England and Wales, Labor recovered decidedly from its disastrous setback a year ago. The totals from the last returns reported give Labor a net increase of 64, the Liberals a net loss of 11, and the Conservatives a net loss of 36. Inflation, still a topic of lively discussion in business circles, appears not to figure in the campaign. A protective tariff on manufactures, developing the existing anti-dumping legislation in the direction of a recognized and permanent policy, is the chief issue. Customs duties on food and raw materials in order to extend preference to the Dominions have suddenly lost importance.

The Nation and the Athenæum doubts if Mr. Baldwin's original intention was to bring the protectionist issue so definitely before the people. It opines that he 'meant to light a candle, but it is exceedingly doubtful whether he meant to start an immediate prairie fire.'

In his speech to the rather small National Conference of the Conservatives at Plymouth late in October, Mr. Baldwin tried to suppress the inflation issue, to extenuate the tariff issue, and to emphasize Reparations and international policy. At least this is to be inferred from comment in the Conservative press. Yet he was very definite in the position he took on the tariff question, although deferring it to the conclusion of his speech: 'In our present economic condition, if we go faltering along as we are, we shall have grave unemployment to the end of time, and I have come to the conclusion that the only way of fighting this matter is by the protection of Home Markets.'

In addressing a Unionist mass meeting at Manchester Free Trade Hall less than a week after the Plymouth Conference, Mr. Baldwin made economic policy almost the sole theme of his remarks. After dwelling upon the changed situation of Great Britain, with the growth of competition abroad,

both for raw materials and for markets for manufactures, and stressing particularly the rivalry of Germany and of the United States, he outlined a commercial and industrial policy looking toward making the British Commonwealth of Nations as self-sustaining, if not as closely knit politically, as our own country.

What the United States of America have achieved, the Commonwealth of Nations in the British Empire can surely achieve. We have no less capacity for development than they have. We have no less wealth in our Empire. We have a greater wealth, if possible, of raw materials. We can fulfill this great task, and we can do it by binding the different parts of the Empire together economically.

Speaking of cotton, he said: 'I shall not be satisfied, if I have any responsibility for the government of this country, until we have so developed our Empire, and our dependent Empire, that we shall be absolutely independent of America.' And he summarized the policy with which his Government entered the campaign as follows:—

To put a tax on manufactured goods, with special regard to those imports that cause the greatest amount of unemployment among our people. To give a substantial preference to our Dominions. To put no tax on wheat or meat.

BONAR LAW: IN MEMORIAM

THE death of Bonar Law called forth appreciative notices of his character and career from writers of all party complexions in Great Britain. None was more graceful, or told more in fewer words, than that of Mr. J. St. Loe Strachey, editor of the *Spectator*, who contrasted Bonar Law with Edmund Burke—an association that would not occur to many. He quotes a famous apostrophe from Burke's Bristol speech—'Oh, gentlemen, what

shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!'—as typical of the 'great metaphysical poet of politics,' and then says:—

Mr. Bonar Law would never have thought or said that he was a shadow pursuing shadows. Such reactions were utterly foreign to his nature. Though not a commonplace man or an indifferentist, or a man of insensitive nature, he was too sincere, too honest with himself for such a mood. Men who feel like Burke are the men of intense and egotistical ambition. Men who follow a plain duty on a plain road never have a moment of exultation, of intense, almost desperate, self-absorption,—of a willful agony,—in which the ego seems to absorb the universe, though it is in truth but beating its wings against the bars. But also they never experience the agonies of disillusionment and disappointment. They ask little of life, they build no cloud-castles, they never deceive themselves or others, and they have their reward in a calmness and truthfulness of outlook which gives them that power of self-understanding and self-control which in the last resort is the thing best worth having and is therefore the envy of mankind.

RHINELAND SEPARATISM

AUGUSTE GOUVAIN, the editor of *Journal des Débats*, writes in that journal that the French have not taken any part in the Rhenish agitation. 'We shall merely see that the public will manifests itself freely, and that the new government, if it is set up, fulfills the wishes of the people. . . . We repeat that the French Government has no intention of establishing a vassal state upon the Rhine on the model of those set up by Napoleon I. We want to see the Rhine country under Inter-allied control.'

Le Temps, which does not conceal its eagerness to see an independent government set up in the Rhine countries, declares that the Secessionist move-

ment 'responds to a true popular need, to an historical necessity. Otherwise it would not have persisted under the many discouragements it has encountered.' This journal looks frankly forward to a Rhineland entirely detached from Germany, and declares that it is the first duty of any Power that desires the welfare of that country 'to give it guaranties of liberty and prosperity that the Berlin Government is not in position to offer,' and asks: 'While this labor of reorganizing the Rhineland, so advantageous for the material interests of all the western countries of Europe, is in process of accomplishment, what will be the attitude of the different Allies?' It argues that Great Britain, like France and Belgium, is directly interested in detaching the Rhine Provinces from Germany.

Joseph Roth, writing from the land of the *Sonderbündler* to the Bohemian-German daily, *Prager Tagblatt*, says:—

The Secessionists are not offhand hirelings. The Rhinelander of the lower middle class wants separation from Prussia. Retail traders naturally wish a better currency. Few of them like France, many hate Prussia. Students and local officials, especially those of higher ranks, are fanatical partisans of German unity, but officials of lower rank are indifferent. The people are quiet and sensible. I observed little of 'Rhenish flightiness,' but much more 'Westphalian stolidity.' The people take no interest in politics—they want quiet and order. The Secessionist leaders, like Dorten and Decker and the others, are very ordinary men. They have a certain kind of honesty and much more money. Their newspaper propaganda is miserable, and their associates are not morally spotless. The people are distrustful. The movement for separation from Prussia is in no manner a movement for separation from Germany. Everybody is loyal to Germany.

A Düsseldorf correspondent of *Journal des Débats* informed that journal that the proclamation of a Rhenish

Republic took the Separatist leaders by surprise—that many people who sympathize with the plan to break loose from Berlin distrust the competency, if not the integrity, of the men at the head of the movement. Grave practical problems also face the people:—

On the one hand is the financial question; on the other the food question. When a Rhenish Republic is set up, it will be necessary to furnish the people a currency to replace the German currency, which is now worthless but still serves as a medium of exchange; and it will also be necessary to furnish them with provisions. One of the leaders of the movement expressed this as follows: 'Our success does not depend on rifles as much as on potatoes.'

The attitude of the French authorities in the Rhine varies in different places. According to the Cologne correspondent of the *Times*:—

In Mainz, the French delegate has ordered the German authorities to submit all orders and proclamations to the Separatists before publication. The French arrested the guard posted by the Germans to protect the notes at the printing press from theft by the Separatists. Immediately afterward the latter broke in and stole several billions of marks.

The French delegate at Coblenz, in contrast to his colleague at Treves, has forbidden the Separatists to arrogate to themselves the control of the press, which is already exercised with great strictness by the French. The group of armed hooligans in the Coblenz Kaiserschloss is behaving in the usual way. Cupboards and drawers have been broken open and valuable articles stolen. Women of bad character frequent the headquarters, which are already in a terrible state of disorder, and the leader of the band is stated to have admitted to Rhineland officials that he had no control over his men. It is now revealed that in the middle of the night, before the arrival of the Separatists, French gendarmes arrested forty of the town officials and expelled them, thus leaving the population leaderless when the Separatists marched in.

The British and Continental papers, outside of France and Belgium, contain many accounts of duress brought to bear by the French and Belgian occupying authorities to prevent the regular German officials from performing their duties, and the great majority of the citizens favorable to Germany from expressing their will. It is a profitless task to try to winnow truth from falsehood and fair statements from exaggeration in these reports. Like the stories of French atrocities in the Ruhr, — and of German atrocities during the war, — isolated examples of arbitrary and brutal acts have probably been multiplied and magnified in the repeating. None the less, it seems a fair conclusion that the Separatist movement owes such political strength as it possesses to artificial forcing by France and Belgium, and that it is not a true expression of the will of the people. As *L'Humanité* expresses it in a cartoon, President Millerand, Premier Poincaré, and General Degoutte, the Commander of the French forces on the Rhine, officiated at the baptism of the infant Republic, while Decker, Dorten, and Matthes, the German Separatist leaders, are represented as happy parents in the background.

Les grandes Cérémonies



ELECTING CHINA'S PRESIDENT

RODNEY GILBERT, the Peking correspondent of the *North China Herald*,

describes the recent presidential election in China as a function to make the old-style ward politician's mouth water. A rigid telegraph censorship — which it is suspected was extended to the mails — threw a comfortable veil of privacy around the proceedings. Our readers will understand that the President of China is elected by Parliament, and not by the 400,000,000 more or less people whom Parliament is supposed to represent. Mr. Gilbert says: —

No Member of Parliament was trusted with real money until after his vote had been cast and recorded. He was given a check to cover whatever his price might be — the average being about \$5000 each — with the understanding he would get a chop on it that would make it negotiable when he had voted. The total expenditure yesterday, according to the most reliable reports, was \$2,400,000. Arrangements were made through the leaders in the various Parliamentary clubs. Many of these leaders are said to have been paid \$10,000, while some cases have come to light in which the less influential voters got no more than \$2000 apiece. At the end, according to the house secretaries, there were less than 50 out of the total of 590 members present who refused to accept bribes.

At first the number of those who refused to take bribes was much larger, but clever campaign-agents, when repelled by the men, went after their wives and pointed out to them that \$5000 for an afternoon spent in pleasant company was not to be ignored. The result was that scores of unwilling voters were actually taken to the Houses of Parliament by their wives and lady friends, who made sure that they entered the building.

Soldiers under the orders of the patriots in charge of the election made sure that the nation's Parliamentary representatives, once inside the legislative halls, did not escape. Even the railway stations were watched by a

strong force of well-trained detectives in plain clothes. 'Any Member of Parliament attempting to leave the city was assailed by an apparently irate but simple citizen who charged him in loud tones with trying to escape the payment of a debt.' His indignant protests brought the police to the spot, who insisted upon an investigation, and the ruffled M.P. was promptly hustled off in a motor-car to cast his vote, after which his feelings were soothed with the usual check. 'A goodly number, with tender susceptibilities, who refused flatly to take money, were won over through appointments to adviserships and what not.'

A veteran senator told the writer yesterday that a friend of his had refused a bribe with every appearance of great indignation. He was so impressive in his wrath that the money was not again offered him; so a little while later he came around and intimated that he might stifle his conscience if he were given some sort of advisership at \$400 a month. This was arranged and he was asked to register in an official book. This he did, but he put down not only his own name but the names of seven others as well, presumably fellow townsmen and relatives, all at \$400 a head and under contract at that. The vote-buyer, at the end of his patience, told the would-be adviser that neither his advice nor his vote was needed and invited him to get out, which he did with a great show of injured sensibilities. Yesterday morning he came back and wanted to know what had become of his \$5000 check. The few reminders, to which he was forced to listen, he accepted meekly, and then ambled off quietly to cast the correct vote.

SPAIN UNDER THE DIRECTORY

A SPANISH correspondent of *Kölnische Zeitung* describes as follows the attitude of the Spanish public in a provincial town of 17,000 people toward the recent *coup d'état*:—

The only news-stand, which was at one end of the principal street, did an unprecedented business, for at first the wildest rumors were current. As soon, however, as the people discovered what had actually happened, their interest vanished. What difference did it make to them whether Sanchez Guerra, or Garcia Prieto, or a General headed the Government in Madrid? What did it signify for this town, where a single policeman suffices to keep law and order, that a state of siege had been proclaimed throughout the kingdom?

Possibly, however, the Spanish citizen when he has an opportunity to express his political and social convictions freely is more of a radical than this passive attitude implies. Not long ago the *Diario Español*, a Havana daily representing the interests of the Spanish residents of Cuba, took a straw vote of the members of the Spanish colony in Cuba to learn their political preferences. Of the 38,803 votes cast, 15,647 were for the Socialists—a plurality of 2281 over the next largest group.

Among the scandals unearthed by the Directory are a number of ruinous government contracts, which have been cancelled as contrary to public interests. An *Observer* correspondent says:—

To-day I find, for instance, a decree in the papers ordering that the sum of 400,000 pesetas, remitted by the ex-Minister of Public Works to such and such a place, without mention of the use to be made of it, be returned to the Treasury!

Those Americans who believe in more efficient dealing with criminals than we have in America will sympathize, perhaps, with another reform, of which an example is cited by the same informant:—

Last Saturday three masked men entered a bank in Catalonia, made away with the cash, and shot a man who opposed them. Two were caught, and three days later were

publicly executed. Three weeks previously they would have been detained for at least a year and a half, and then would have been declared innocent.

Incidentally, it should be said that the Directory has abolished trial by jury, which had become a farce during the recent era of corruption and intimidation.

Another abuse had crept into the public schools, most of which were none too efficient at the best.

Then there were the scandalous *libros de texto*. The Minister of *Instrucción pública* declared such and such books *de texto*, and schoolboys, students, and so forth, had to buy them; no one could pass an examination or obtain any degree without first proving that he possessed the *libros de texto*. These cost a boy or girl of ten years old, in the first year of school life, about one hundred pesetas, and lasted one year, when new ones had to be bought for the next year; and it was prohibited to other pupils to make use of the same books. The real value was about four to five pesetas, and this scandalous business, involving millions of pesetas, in which many authorities participated, has now been abolished, let us hope forever.

On October 13 the Directory signaled the conclusion of its first month in power by a decree preventing all former Ministers of the Crown, Presidents of the Cortes, and Councilors of State from holding any office or employ in a company or corporation having contracts with the Government, or relations, direct or indirect, with any public service, under penalty of a maximum fine of 25,000 pesetas for each infraction of the decree. This reform, which strikes at one of the tap-roots of the upas tree of official corruption, has been received with enthusiastic approval by reformers of all political complexions.

Another evidence of the reformist policies of the Directory is reported by *El Socialista*, the Madrid Labor organ,

which announces, with high approval, that a system of maternity benefits went into effect in Spain on October 15. The Government has already set aside the funds necessary to carry out the decree, which is in accord with an agreement adopted by the International Labor Conference. To be sure, the subsidy is a very modest one, — fifty pesetas, or a little less than ten dollars in American currency, — but it is a considerable sum for a Spanish mother of the working classes.

However, some doubt as to the rosy accounts of the progress of the new Government is justified by the severe measures taken to prevent press criticism. Late in October a well-known Spanish journalist, Don José Simón Valdivielso, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment for publishing in the Liberal but by no means Radical daily, *Heraldo de Madrid*, an article that, in the opinion of the military judges reflected on the Directory. Despite this, 'Bagaría,' in *El Sol*, ventures to quiz the Directory as follows: —



FIRST MONKEY: Where will our political gland-doctors get off in their effort to rejuvenate the Spanish Government?

SECOND MONKEY: Oh well, there are limits to everything.

INTERNATIONAL THOUGHT: THE KEY TO THE FUTURE

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

From the *Times*, October 29-30
(LONDON INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

'The exchange of international thought is the only possible salvation of the world.'

To those who, until 1914, believed in civil behavior between man and man, the war and its ensuing peace brought disenchantment. Preoccupied with the humaner pursuits, and generally unfamiliar with the real struggle for existence, they were caught napping. The rest of mankind have experienced no particular astonishment — the doing-down of man by man was part of daily life, and when it was done collectively they felt no spiritual change. It was dreadful, but, in a word, natural. This may not be a popular view of human life in the mass, but it is true. Average life is a long fight; this man's success is that man's failure; coöperation and justice are only the palliatives of a basic, and ruthless, competition.

The disenchantment of the few would not have mattered so much but for the fact that they were the nerves and voice of the community. Their histories, poems, novels, plays, pictures, treatises, sermons, were the expression of what we call civilization. And disenchanted philosophers, though by so much the nearer to the truths of existence, are by that much, perhaps, the less useful to human nature. We need scant reminder of a truth always with us; we need rather perpetual assertion that the truth might with advantage be, and may possibly with effort become, not quite so unpleasant. Whatever the need for looking things

in the face, a fine afflatus is the essence of ethical philosophy.

It is a pity, then, that philosophy is, or has been, draggle-tailing — art avoiding life, taking to contraptions of form and color signifying nothing; literature driven in on itself, or running riot; science more hopeful of perfecting poison gas than of abating coal-smoke or curing cancer; that religion should incline to tuck its head under the wing of spiritualism; that there should be, in fact, a kind of tacit abandonment of the belief in life. Sport, which still keeps a flag of idealism flying, is, perhaps, the most saving grace in the world at the moment, with its spirit of rules kept, and regard for the adversary, whether the fight is going for or against. When, if ever, the fair-play spirit of sport reigns over international affairs, the cat force which rules there now will slink away and human life emerge for the first time from jungle.

Looking the world in the face, we see what may be called a precious mess. Under a thin veneer — sometimes no veneer — of regard for civilization, each country, great and small, is pursuing its own ends, struggling to rebuild its own house in the burned village. The dread of confusion-worse-confounded, of death recrowned, and pestilence revived, alone keeps the nations to the compromise of peace. What chance has a better spirit?

'The exchange of international

thought is the only possible salvation of the world' are the words of Thomas Hardy, and so true that it may be well to cast an eye over such mediums as we have for the exchange of international thought. 'The Permanent Court of International Justice'; 'The League of Nations'; 'The Pan-American Congress'; certain sectional associations of this nation with that nation, tarred somewhat with the brush of self-interest; sporadic international conferences concerned with sectional interests; and the recently founded P.E.N. Club, an international association of writers with friendly aims but no political intentions. These are about all, and they are taken none too seriously by the peoples of the earth.

The salvation of a world in which we all live, however, would seem to have a certain importance. Why, then, is not more attention paid to the only existing means of salvation? The argument for neglect is much as follows: Force has always ruled human life — and always will. Competition is basic. Coöperation and justice succeed, indeed, in definite communities so far as to minimize the grosser forms of crime, but only because general opinion within the ring fence of a definite community gives them an underlying force which the individual offender cannot withstand. There is no such ring fence round nations, therefore no general opinion, and no underlying force to ensure the abstention of individual nations from crime — if, indeed, transgression of laws which are not fixed can be called crime.

This is the average hard-headed view at the moment. If it is to remain dominant, there is no salvation in store for the world. 'Why not?' replies the hard-head. 'It always has been the view, and the world has gone on.' Quite true! But the last few years have brought a startling change in the

conditions of existence — a change that has not yet been fully realized. *Destructive science has gone ahead out of all proportion.* It is developing so fast that each irresponsible assertion of national rights or interests must bring the world appreciably nearer to ruin. Without any doubt whatever, the powers of destruction are gaining fast on the powers of creation and construction. In old days a thirty years' war was needed to exhaust a nation; it will soon be — if it is not already — possible to exhaust a nation in a week by the destruction of its big towns from the air. The conquest of the air, so jubilantly hailed by general opinion, may turn out the most sinister event that ever befell us, simply because *it came before we were fit for it* — fit to act reasonably under the temptation of its fearful possibilities. The use made of it in the last war showed that; and the sheeplike refusal of the startled nations to face the new situation, and unanimously ban chemical warfare and the use of flying for destructive purposes, shows it still more clearly.

No one denies that the conquest of the air was a great — a wonderful — achievement; no one denies that it could be a beneficent achievement if the nations would let it be. But mankind has not yet, apparently, reached a pitch of decency sufficient to be trusted with such an enticing and terribly destructive weapon. We are all familiar with the argument: Make war dreadful enough, and there will be no war. And we none of us believe in it. The last war disproved it utterly. Competition in armaments has already begun, among men who think, to mean competition in the air. Nothing else will count in a few years' time. We have made by our science a monster that will devour us yet, unless by exchanging international thought we can create a general opinion against

the new powers of destruction so strong and so unanimous that no nation will care to face the force which underlies it.

A well-known advocate of the League of Nations said the other day: 'I do not believe it necessary that the League should have a definite force at its disposal. It could not maintain a force that would keep any first-rate Power from breaking the peace. Its strength lies in the use of publicity; in its being able to voice universal disapproval with all the latent potentiality of universal action.'

Certainly the genuine publication of all military movements and developments throughout the world, the unfathoming and broadcasting of destructive inventions and devices, would bring us nearer to salvation than any covenant can do. If the world's chemists and the world's engineers would hold annual meetings in a friendly spirit, for the salvation of mankind! If they could agree together that to exercise their ingenuity on the perfecting of destructive agents for the use of Governments was a crime; to take money for it a betrayal of their species! If we could have such exchange of international thought as that, then indeed we might hear the rustle of salvation's wings. And — after all — why not?

The answer to the question, Is there to be happiness or misery, growth or ruin for the human species, does not now lie with Governments. Governments are competitive trustees for competitive sections of mankind. Put destruction in their hands and they will use it to further the interests of those for whom they are trustees; just as they will use and even inspire the spiritual poison gas of pressmen. The real key to the future is in the hands of those who provide the means of destruction. Are scientists — chemists,

inventors, engineers — to be Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Japanese, Russians, before they are men, in this matter of the making of destruction? Are they to be more concerned with the interests of their own countries, or with the interests of the human species? That has become the question they have to answer now that they have for the first time the future of the human race within their grasp. Modern invention has taken such a vast stride forward that the incidence of responsibility is changed. It rests on Science as it never did before.

Science holds the key to mankind's happiness in the future. But on Finance, too, rests a vast responsibility. There again the exchange of international thought has become terrifically important. The financiers of the world, for instance, in the light of their knowledge, under the pressure of their difficulties, out of the motive of mutual aid, could certainly devise some real and lasting economic betterment of the present ruination, if only they would set to work steadily, not spasmodically, to exchange international thought.

The hard-head's answer to such suggestions is: 'Nonsense! Inventors, chemists, engineers, financiers, all have to make their living, and are just as disposed to believe in their own countries as other men. Their pockets, and the countries who guarantee those pockets, have first call on them.' Well! That has become the point. If neither Science nor Finance will agree to think internationally, there is probably nothing for it but to kennel-up in disenchantment, and wait for an end which can't be very long in coming — not a complete end, of course; say, a general condition of affairs similar to that in the famine provinces of Russia.

It is easy to be pessimistic, and easy to indulge in cheap optimism; to steer

between the two is hard. We still have a chance of saving and improving such civilization as we have; but this chance depends on how far we succeed in exchanging international thought in the next few years.

To some the word 'international' has a Socialistic, even Communistic significance. But, as here used, it has nothing whatever to do with economic theories, class divisions, or political aims. The exchange of international thought which alone can save us is the exchange of thought between *craftsmen* — between the statesmen of the different countries; the lawyers of the different countries; the scientists, the financiers, the writers of the different countries. We have the mediums of exchange — however inadequately made use of — for the statesmen and the lawyers; but the scientists — inventors, chemists, engineers — and the financiers, the two sets of craftsmen in whose hands the future of the world chiefly lies, at present lack adequate machinery for the exchange of international thought, and adequate conception of the extent to which world responsibility now falls on them. If they could once realize the supreme nature of that responsibility, the battle of salvation should be half won.

Coming to the exchange of international thought in my own craft, there seem three ways in which writers, as such, can help to ease the future of the world. They can be friendly and hospitable to the writers of other countries — and for this purpose exists the international P.E.N. Club, with its many and increasing branches. They can recognize and maintain the principle that works of the imagination, indeed all works of art, are the property of mankind at large, and not merely of the country of their origin; that to discontinue — for example — during a war with Germany the reading of

German poetry, the listening to German music, the looking at German pictures, was a harmful absurdity which should never be repeated. Any real work of art, however individual and racial in root and fibre, is impersonal and universal in its appeal. Art is one of the great natural links — perhaps the only great natural link — between the various breeds of men, and to scotch its gentling influence in time of war is to confess ourselves still apes and tigers. Only writers can spread this creed, only writers can keep the door open for art during national feuds; and it is their plain duty to do this service to mankind.

The third and greatest way in which the writer can ease the future is simply stated in the words 'Fair Play.' The power of the Press is a good third to the powers of Science and Finance. If the Press, as a whole, never diverged from fair report; if it refused to give unmeasured service to party or patriotic passion; if it played the game as Sport plays it — what a clearance of the air! At present — with, of course, many and distinguished exceptions — the Press in every country plays the game according to rules of its own which have too little acquaintance with those of sport.

The Press is manned by a great crew of writers, the vast majority of whom have in private life a higher standard of fair play than that followed by the Press ship they man. They would, I believe, be the first to confess that. Improvement in Press standards of international and political fair play can only come from the individual writers who make up the Press. And such reform will not come until editors and journalists acquire the habit of exchanging thought internationally, of broadening their minds and hearts with other points of view, of recognizing that they must treat as they would

themselves be treated. Only, in short, when they do as they would, most of them, individually choose to do, will a sort of word-miasma cease to breed international agues and fever.

We do not commonly hold, in private life, that ends justify means. Why should they be held to justify means in Press life—why should report so often be accepted without due examination when it is favorable to one's views, rejected without due examination when it is unfavorable; why should the other side's view so often be burked; and so on, and so on? The Press has great power and professes high ideals; it has much virtue; it does great service; but it does greater harm when, for whatever reason, it diverges from truth, or from the principles of fair play.

To sum up, Governments and peoples are no longer in charge. Our fate is really in the hands of the three great powers—Science, Finance, and the Press. Underneath the showy political surface of things, those three great powers are secretly determining the march of the nations; and there is little hope for the future unless they can mellow and develop on international lines. In each of these departments of life there must be men who feel this, as strongly as the writer of these words. The world's hope lies

with them; in the possibility of their being able to institute a sort of craftsman's trusteeship for mankind—a new triple alliance, of Science, Finance, and the Press, in service to a new idealism.

Nations, in block, will never join hands, never have much in common, never be able to see each other's points of view. The outstanding craftsmen of the nations have a far better chance of seeing eye to eye; they have the common ground of their craft, and a livelier vision. What divides them at present is a too narrow sense of patriotism, and—to speak crudely—money. Inventors must exist; financiers live; and papers pay. And here irony smiles. For though Science, Finance, and the Press at present seem to doubt it, there is, still, more money to be made out of the salvation of mankind than out of its destruction; a better and a more enduring livelihood for these three estates.

And yet, without the free exchange of international thought, we may be fairly certain that the present purely national basis of their livelihoods will persist, and if it does the human race will not, or at least so meagrely that it will be true to say of it, as of Anatole France's old woman: 'It lives, but—so little!'

HOW THEY SIGNED THE TREATY

BY RENÉ PARESCÉ

[The following article, which in default of the original has been translated from a German version, is by an Italian eyewitness of the signing of the Versailles Treaty.]

From *Frankfurter Zeitung*, October 13

(LIBERAL DAILY)

DURING the tedious negotiations that preceded the Treaty of Versailles, Clemenceau seemed to many observers like a man who faltered and hesitated as soon as he found himself face to face with problems that, from their nature, demanded purely intellectual treatment. But as soon as a question arose that permitted a display of sentiment, he at once became a man of fiery gestures, flashing eyes, and vibrating, commanding voice. Clemenceau certainly was ambitious to go down in history as a French Bismarck. He justified his occasional concessions and indecision by saying: 'What can a man do when he is sitting between Jesus Christ and Napoleon Bonaparte?'

When the Treaty was ready to be signed at the Palace of Versailles, the old Tiger had not been able to liberate himself from the first of these companions, who sat at his side as immovable and statuesque as the Statue of Liberty at the entrance of New York Harbor. But he had succeeded in removing Napoleon Foch to a seat of honor among the guests—a very conspicuous seat in the back part of the Hall of Mirrors.

Wilson's presence made Clemenceau visibly nervous. The mystical professor of morality who had come to Europe from over the ocean, with Fourteen Points inscribed on his new Tables of the Law and with a long retinue of acolytes in tortoise-shell spectacles,—

men who might better have listened to lectures on European morals than have tried to teach a new morality,—irritated Clemenceau. He greatly preferred the tolerant ethics of the shrewd Welsh fox, Lloyd George.

So far as the Italians were concerned, Clemenceau regarded them with indifference mingled with contempt. In the old Tiger's very rudimentary geography, Italy was merely a troublesome appendix to the Balkans, a protruding promontory of the Balkan Peninsula, a stumblingblock always making trouble, sticking out in the middle of the Mediterranean expressly to anger the old dictator—a masterpiece of geographical malice, so to speak.

What was the use, in the old Tiger's opinion, of bothering about the opinions of the minor victorious nations represented at the Conference? They formed a squad of little Powers, to be ordered about and, if necessary, switched into obedience. He found it difficult to take seriously the representatives of these countless little peoples, who had emerged victorious from a war without really taking sides in it. No one could tell on which side of the trenches they had really stood. Meanwhile Poles, Yugoslavs, Rumanians, Czechs, Chinamen, Japanese, South Americans of every latitude packed the galleries at Versailles in spite of Clemenceau's secret rage. It is easy to imagine

the state of mind of the representatives of these little nations, who came to Europe, not to sell grain or horses this time, but to pass sentence on a truly great and powerful nation like Germany. In spite of Clemenceau's painstaking and strict precautions, the serried ranks of aggressive emissaries from the tiny nations defied his will.

Their multiplicity was beyond description. One of the noisiest of them, and the most conspicuous in gesture, attitude, and conduct, was the representative of the new Polish Republic, the pianist Paderewski. By a rare caprice of fortune he had been summoned from the keyboard of the piano to the helm of a government. He took his new rôle with the utmost seriousness, and his manner showed clearly that he saw little difference between the stage or the concert platform and the halls where History records her great decrees. He preserved, with almost touching sincerity, his former platform mannerisms. Of moderate stature, with a forecast of corpulence, greatly preoccupied with himself, constantly intent upon being noticed and admired, the Polish President was unquestionably the outstanding central figure among the representatives of the minor Allies. He utilized this advantage to the utmost.

The moment he entered the Hall of Mirrors, on the morning the Treaty was signed, the great pianist instinctively cast a brief, quick glance around the Hall, as if to estimate his audience, and detected an odd deal platform in one corner. This had been erected on the head of one of the four statues that stand in the four corners of the Hall. An artist commissioned to immortalize the historical scene on canvas was using it as an observation post. Naturally this painter had been abundantly supplied with photographs of all the members of the Conference, and had drawn

and painted them at his leisure several weeks before the — performance. He was now perched on this platform, with a gigantic palette, rapidly adding a few finishing touches to his sketch from life.

But the President of the Polish Republic knew nothing of all this. As soon as he spied the official artist he was filled with a single thought — to get a good place in the picture. So he posed there motionless for several minutes, presenting his fine profile to the painter — as statuesque as if he were a monument. He was really imposing. He wore a smallish frock-coat, which must have seen long service on the concert platform, for it had acquired a greenish hue due, apparently, to advanced years and an arduous career. The pianist's long hair fell down to his shoulders, giving a reddish tone to his collar, and leaving oily spots on the silk facing of his coat.

He had come to the ceremony with a wonderful album, bound in purple-red leather. The leaves, which were of hand-made paper with ragged edges, were white. One sheet was reserved for each member of the Conference. Some had given him their photographs, others were only to write in their names. Soon Paderewski, smiling and happy as a child, was bustling about from one table to another the entire length and breadth of the Hall, collecting the autographs of those present on the sheets that the foresighted pianist and statesman had assigned them in advance.

To be perfectly fair, I should add that Paderewski was not the only one who had thought of making an autograph collection. The representative of the Chinese Republic had conceived the same bright idea. He brought with him an imposing volume, bound in vellum, with leaves of wonderful Chinese paper.

Although a man may be a dignified statesman, he is still a man, with all the imitative instincts of his monkey ancestors. As soon as the other representatives of the victorious nations saw what the pianist President and the Chinese mandarin were about, they did not waste a minute. Every one of them seized the piece of paper, post card, or envelope nearest at hand, in order to make his own autograph collection. Wilson courteously signed them all in a quick, businesslike way, with an affable smile that displayed his handsome white teeth. Lloyd George also signed, though he seemed somewhat annoyed by this unforeseen interruption.

Clemenceau, who probably did not like such disorderly proceedings anyway, and was also embarrassed by the gray gloves which he never removed from his hands, signed several times with a touch of irritated impatience. He would have acted like the others if he could have controlled his nerves. Suddenly I saw him throw the sheet of paper that somebody had placed in front of him into the air, slam down his pen, and drum nervously on the table with his fingers. He had at last lost patience. It was rather odd that he should have lost it just when a South American delegate, also with gloved hands, lay a paper before him. The other delegates did not permit themselves to be disturbed by the brusque gesture of the President, but continued their round from table to table.

Meanwhile a lively row was audible in the back of the Hall, on Clemenceau's left. It was caused by the newspaper correspondents, numbering a hundred and more, who were having a heated argument with a young French officer, whom they wanted to have order away the cuirassiers stationed directly in front of the section reserved for the press. This guard consisted of picked men of the largest stature that

could be found in the army. With their helmets, their feathers, their enormous gauntlet gloves, their drawn sabres, and all their other trappings, they formed a living wall that completely cut off all view of what was going on in the Hall.

The other end of the room had been reserved for distinguished visitors: officers of all ranks and all armies, ministers and diplomats of every race. Great confusion and disorder also prevailed there, for everybody was talking at the top of his voice.

At the appointed moment Clemenceau, unable to control his nervousness longer, struck a bell sharply, for silence. Little by little the noise subsided. A few lingering delegates ran hastily to their seats, suspending for a moment their chase after autographs. Every eye was riveted on a door in the back of the room, where the German delegates, headed by Müller and attended by the Sergeant-at-Arms, were expected to march in in goose step. After a few instants' breathless pause, it was discovered, to everybody's surprise, that the Germans had been sitting quietly for some time at their table, watching with obvious astonishment the strange scene before them. How had it happened? They had merely walked in when the confusion was at its worst, without being noticed. The great dramatic climax that Clemenceau had so carefully prepared missed fire; and the ceremony of affixing the signatures began in an atmosphere of bewildered disappointment and irritation.

The grand march of the delegates to sign their names to the Treaty in regular order was a monotonous performance. It was punctuated by the roar of artillery, which at fixed intervals proclaimed that the war was over. Simultaneously we heard another sound, as if two hostile armies had

suddenly opened drumfire on each other. It attracted our notice to a fierce struggle, though a bloodless one, going on in an anteroom, where a branch post-office had been set up, and where one might mail post cards and letters bearing the postmark, 'Versailles Palace. Signing of the Peace Treaty,' and the date of the ceremony. Hundreds of people of every rank and nationality packed the little room, shoving and crowding in their effort to dispatch these mementos. Some of the more foresighted, or perhaps more considerate, diplomats held great packages of letters and cards in their hands, to

send to their children and to — doubtless distant — relatives.

So, amid cannon roar to commemorate the official ending of the European War, and the thump, thump, thump of postal clerks busily stamping postmarks on letters and cards, the chief actors in the monstrous tragedy filed up, one after another, to affix their signatures to the Peace Treaty that was to precipitate the economic collapse of Europe, betray the highest ideals of the most civilized continent on the globe, and put its seal upon a carnival of barbarism and unmorality perhaps unprecedented in history.

A GLIDER RECORD

BY A. MARTENS

[This young engineer describes in the following article the flight at the Rhön Glider Competitions in which he made a world record of twelve kilometres straightaway flight.]

From Pester Lloyd, October 14
(BUDAPEST GERMAN-HUNGARIAN DAILY)

ON Saturday, August 25, reveille rather rudely aroused our company of fliers from their morning slumber. Our first act was to observe the wind and weather. These bade us take an additional morning nap, for heavy fog lay around the tents and sheds that sheltered our white gliders. But everyone knows that weather on the Wasserkuppe is a fickle jade. Her mood might change in a moment and she might be smiling from cloudless skies within an hour.

To-day, however, noon found us waiting idly for the bell to summon us to the field kitchen, whose chimney

was smoking merrily not far away. I had just returned with our 'weather frog,' as we call the meteorologist, from the western slope of the 'Kuppe.' A light wind was blowing — five to seven metres a second — west-southwest. I decided to make the flight, and reported that I was ready to start. Several prizes had been offered — among others a fine photographic apparatus — to the glider that should beat the straightaway record of a year ago.

Two long shrieks of the siren followed in quick succession, a signal that a start was to be made. At once every-

body was alert, watching to see which tent or shed door would open first. Already, however, the announcement had spread from mouth to mouth that the *Strolch* — the 'Tramp' — was to make a trial.

Tent pegs were pulled up, guy ropes swung one side, and the front flies of the tent lifted by many willing hands. The *Strolch*, easily carried by two men, emerged from her shelter. She is so light and her lines are so fine that, even with her antediluvian wing-spread of more than fourteen metres, she weighs but eighty-five kilogrammes. A little two-wheeled carriage received her, a couple of straps were fastened, and she started on her way through the camp to the west slope of the Kuppe.

An odd sight — a bird on wheels!

With their steaming soup basins still in their hands, the whole population of the aviation camp, followed by a great crowd of curious spectators, fell into column behind us.

From the western edge of the Wasserkuppe there is an abrupt descent — a steep precipice — for nearly a thousand feet into the Fulda Valley. Below, the village of Poppenhausen lay in the misty sunshine, and beyond we could discern the white church-tower of Weyhers in the distance. Last year I landed just beyond that landmark, and my competitor, Hentzen, on the well-known Vampire, — unhappily wrecked subsequently, — followed close on my heels.

'Ready? Go!'

The sharp command rang out, the starting ropes stretched taut for an instant, the shackle pin that held us fast dropped, the glider plunged forward three — four — five yards, to the edge of an abrupt declivity.

For a few seconds I could hear the stern roller striking the ground. It ceased and there was no sound.

Then the short rods at my side, which connect with the lifting plane,

began to whistle softly — a sort of acoustic speedometer. The needle of the speedometer itself marked between forty-eight and fifty kilometres — normal flying speed. Slowly the glider was lifted higher by the rising air current, toward *Pferdskopf*, which reared its sharp pinnacle aloft seven or eight hundred yards away. 'Sun currents' seized my bird and made her dance, but I easily parried them with my horizontal tiller and kept rising and rising. Four minutes after I left the ground I was directly above my starting-place. Shouts reached my ears, singly and in chorus. However, I had no time to observe what was going on beneath me, for I was only seventy metres up. My capricious bird would — and would not — rise. It was a bad air — too warm.

In a few seconds I was far away, well above *Pferdskopf*. My altitude-recorder showed one hundred and twenty metres — as much as I could make to-day. I scarcely touched the tiller in order to avoid unnecessary resistance. In spite of that, the needle of the altitude-recorder was as steady as if it were nailed fast.

Consequently it was now time to direct my course over the wide valley, since it was hopeless to try for a greater height. I could retain my present altitude indefinitely while directly over the edge of the declivity on the western verge of the Kuppe. There was wind enough for that. . . .

I had been up forty minutes. The wind was dying down. I passed directly above my starting-point, and then circled for a moment at sixty metres over *Pferdskopf*. It was useless to linger longer. I had exceeded the endurance record of the Edith yesterday, and now directed my course into the valley, saying to myself: 'We may make a considerable distance to-day, after all.'

Directly ahead the ruins of Ebertsburg lay in the silvery mist. When I was four kilometres from the Wasserkuppe I still had sufficient elevation to maintain good headway. The area of rising wind evidently extended a considerable distance from the mountain-side. Although the glider was slowly sinking, I was still nearly four hundred metres above the valley floor. Poppenhausen slipped behind me. I began to catch descending currents. The elevation so cautiously nursed was quickly lost. Just then an article by a balloonist, which I had read not long before in a newspaper, occurred to me. Powerful ascending currents prevail under a cloud area, which carry a balloon rapidly upward. I could see Ebertsburg in the shadow of a great cumulus cloud. I steered directly toward it. It could do no harm.

In a few moments I reached the cloud bank. Below me the land lay in a deep shadow. A powerful 'side swiper' hit me, and shook the Storch viciously. I was prepared for that — it is common in cloudy weather and uneven sunshine.

Suddenly the needle of my altitude-recorder, which I was watching closely, recalled that it had a duty to perform. It began to rise — rose steadily as if the law of gravity had been repealed — sixty metres, seventy metres. The cloud passed and broad sunshine beat again upon the wings. For a moment the altitude-recorder stood steady, and then began gradually to fall. Weyhers gradually emerged from the mist. The outlines of the houses became sharper; their whitewashed walls shone brighter. In the distance, on the right, I detected a water mill half-hidden in the foliage of a grove. The Fulda winds in a great bow around the meadow, supplying power for its wheel. This was where Hentzen landed after his ten-kilometre flight last year. I was still about two

kilometres from that goal. I observed my altitude again, made a brief reckoning, and it gradually dawned on me that I was likely to make a world's record.

I steered toward a second cloud, and again invisible hands lifted the plane aloft. I recorded a sixty-metre gain in elevation, and the thing was done.

An isolated farmhouse slipped beneath me. Geese scattered in wild flight across the barnyard when the shadow of my giant bird swept over them. An awakened dog howled dolefully.

'Record!'

Did I shout that myself?

A hundred metres beneath me lay a meadow embraced in a wide circuit of the glistening Fulda. The tension was over — nothing but the landing to think of now.

I leaned back relaxed in my seat straps. The rollers rustled over the edge of a grain field. An instant's silence, a light jolt, seven — eight — ten metres' rolling, and we had landed. The glider stood still.

Country people rushed up. A number knew me, some from visiting the aviation camp, others from seeing me a year ago. Busy hands lent their aid; in a few minutes the glider was taken apart, and was being borne away by a procession of eager village boys, marching in goose step.

I had been sitting for two hours before a couple of bottles of Seltzer water — the only palatable drink in the village — when a luxurious automobile rushed up in a cloud of dust, followed by the truck for which I had been eagerly waiting.

Congratulations, shaking of hands all around, and a civil engineer, with an immense General Staff chart, conscientiously recorded the landing-point, and verified the flight as twelve kilometres in a straight line.

A VACATION WITH TOLSTOI. III

BY THEODOR VON HAFFERBERG

From *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, September 2, 9, 16 and 25
(BERLIN DAILY, HUGO STINNES PRESS)

JUST when the evenings began to grow longer and darker, a visitor from Petrograd was announced. She was a Countess Tolstoi, a lady-in-waiting at the Court, and wished to spend a couple of days at Iasnaia Poliana. She must be received with due honor, and so an ancient *kolymaga* was rummaged out of the coach house. Six horses were hitched to this antique family-caravan, and linkboys rode astride them, since it was already growing dark. Thus the lumbering affair set off to Tula for our distinguished visitor. She was received and brought back with due formality, and decided the following day to favor us with a French reading. The Court lady had discovered in that aristocratic semiofficial French paper, *Journal de St. Petersbourg*, which was sent to me daily at Iasnaia, but was more frequently to be found in the salon than in my room, a feuilleton article by Guy de Maupassant, *Au Ballon*, which she wished to read aloud to our whole circle. We were duly notified that the reading would occur at eight o'clock that evening in the second-story reception-room adjoining the big living-room. Before describing this reading, however, let me first tell you how the gentlemen and ladies at Iasnaia Poliana were accustomed to dress, for my attire on that evening was the occasion of a mortifying episode.

The Count wore on all occasions, in the summer, a shirt of yellowish-gray unbleached linen or, if it were cooler weather, of undyed wool. Most of the young men dressed like the Count, ex-

cept that their shirts were of thin cheap summer material of various bright colors, generally light blue or white with black dots or other patterns. They all wore belts. Since I had no shirts of this kind in my city wardrobe and yet wanted to dress lightly and comfortably, I looked for a suitable shirt in town; but I could not find one that fitted me, and decided offhand to wear a light shirt of cotton *kumach*, of the fiery-red hue so popular among the peasants.

Since the day of the lecture had been fearfully warm and I had worn the red shirt since morning, I kept it on that evening, feeling perfectly certain that I should be permitted to wear a red shirt in the home of Tolstoi, the great friend of the people. The old Countess Tolstoi read the feuilleton by Maupassant very expressively, with easy self-possession — in fact, gave us as much of a treat as if we actually made a trip in a balloon. Nobody commented upon my red shirt, so I thought everything was all right.

But the next morning Madame Kuzminskia read me a lecture: 'I wish to call your attention, Fedor Fedorovich, in the interest of good form, to a circumstance that pained me deeply last evening, but which I refrained from speaking about to you before the whole company. The way you dressed last evening in that red shirt was decidedly unbecoming and utterly out of place in our social circle.'

'What?' I exclaimed in surprise. 'I thought just the opposite — that in

Lev Nikolaevich's home this popular red color would be just the thing.'

'You are merely making insincere excuses,' the lady replied indignantly. 'You know well enough that when you are at the home of Lev Nikolaevich you are not his guest but the guest of the Countess. You have no occasion to act the Tolstoi disciple and wave a red shirt as a Tolstoi banner. Wear what you want during the day, but you must not again enter our company in that challenging garb, especially when we have such an aristocratic visitor as we had last night.'

One evening our whole company was sitting upstairs in the big room. On the round table in the middle of the room stood a huge lamp with a dark shade. Everyone was busy—some reading, others writing, one or two drawing and painting. But I was playing checkers with Lev Nikolaevich. At every move he made I heard him mutter: 'No, better die on the spot.' When he had done this several times, always repeating, 'No, better die on the spot,' I ventured to ask him what he was saying. He answered, smiling, as if rousing himself from a profound meditation: 'That is a favorite expression of an old acquaintance of mine. It delights me greatly. It contains a grain of deep wisdom: "No, better die at once than live an unworthy life without object and purpose!"'

As he said this he lifted his eyes, and I read under his high vaulted brow, in his deep tolerant glance, his true thoughts: Is this not an unworthy life that I am leading, with the constant knowledge that all my teachings, my efforts to benefit mankind, are in vain? Will not all my labors prove fruitless through my powerlessness to add actual deeds to my empty words? Am I bringing up my children in the truth of my doctrine? Have I the courage to renounce this family circle and to go

out among the common people and put my doctrines into practice?

I was once lamenting to the Count how little, relatively, I had read, and told him I did not want to read omnivorously or at random. I asked him if he could not suggest a course of reading or if there were books he would especially recommend me to read before others.

'You have exactly the right idea,' he answered, 'in not wishing to read everything at random. The system I should recommend is this: wait until you feel a spontaneous interest, whether in a science or in a special social, philosophic, or other question. Then get the books you need, and your reading will bear fruit.'

On another occasion I asked him what method he would recommend to me to master a foreign language in the shortest time. I had a school knowledge of English that I had acquired at the University, but I could make no progress in its practical use.

'My dear Fedor Fedorovich,' said the Count, 'I can recommend with confidence to you, who already know German, French, and the ancient languages, and have a school knowledge of English, the method by which I learned enough Hebrew to read the Old Testament in the original. In the course of three days I had the Hebrew alphabet and the fundamental grammatical rules of the language taught me. Then I started out alone to study Hebrew texts, comparing them with their translations. In that way I reached a point where I could read and understand any texts that I wished. For English, too, you cannot do better than take the Gospels, for the translation that we have of them is the most exact and lucid.'

One afternoon, when I was again going to the station for the mail, the Count joined me. He was on his way

to call upon a relative, and as we walked along together we conversed of several more or less important matters. When we were about halfway to our destination, we saw a flock of sheep grazing near the road and a shepherd boy sitting on the edge of a ditch, busily braiding a wreath of the wild flowers that grew in abundance around him. When we drew near, the lad scarcely glanced at us and continued his occupation. However, the Count lifted his linen cap and greeted the youngster like an old acquaintance, so that the boy had no recourse but to lift his cap likewise and respond. I was rather surprised at the incident, and asked Lev Nikolaevich why he had greeted the boy first.

'Is it not our duty,' he said, 'to instruct the unlearned, and especially the young, in the truth and meaning of love—above all in love for their neighbor? Who is to teach the uneducated unless it be the educated? And is not the best way of teaching by good example? Should we, who enjoy the advantages of education and culture, not conduct ourselves during our whole life so that we may be examples for the uneducated classes? And are we, the educated, not indebted to the uneducated to an extent that we can never even approximately repay? The least that we, who are convinced of this, can do, is to show them our regard—to give them our moral support by kindly counsel, and to prove to them that we are trying to live in the way that they should live.'

'Yes, when I think of all this,' he added after a few moments' silent meditation, 'I realize how much I have upon my conscience, how much I have still to make good. When a man has such a long and active life behind him, he involuntarily asks himself what I ask myself now: What sins of omission and sins of commission have I been

guilty of? And the answer is: I have done all things that I should not have done. There is none of the Ten Commandments that I have not broken. Even the Fifth Commandment—"Thou shalt not kill"—I have cruelly and repeatedly broken. During the Crimean War I fought at the front, and I have many human lives on my conscience. Moreover, in my private thoughts I have many times been a murderer. For all that I must repent and do penance, else I cannot escape the eternal hell-fire of my own conscience. . . . But come along with me. I'll go with you to the post office and we shall go down to the Shidlovskiis' (his relatives) together.'

At the Shidlovskiis' we found the 'Clover Leaf of Three Creeds' together—the three Veras—inseparable companions who had thus been christened. Vera Lvovna, the seventeen-year-old second daughter of the Count, was trying conscientiously to follow her father's teaching and wherever possible to win converts for the coming 'Tolstoiism'; Vera Alexandrovna Kuzminskaia, who was about the same age, was attracted by the beliefs of her cousin, but seemed to cherish, nevertheless, certain social prejudices that prevented her from being a whole-hearted disciple—she was a kind of broad churchman, so to speak. The third cousin, Vera Petrovna, evidently could not tell what she did believe, was uncertain whether to steer to the right or to the left, and put off her decision for the future. Thus there was a little world of varying doctrine within the Count's own family.

Late in the summer an old family custom was revived, for which there had been neither time nor interest earlier. A literary letter-box was set up, into which a person might put every week a contribution in prose or verse, which ultimately appeared in a little

journal issued at irregular intervals, called *The Iasnaia Poliana Broadside*.

Sunday evenings, generally when we were all present, the Countess would open the letter-box and the contributions would be read. One of those present would be elected editor, whose duty it was to prepare a new number of the *Broadside* during the course of the following week, with a leading article and a chronicle of current events. Notes and advertisements, often of humorous and personal character, were also inserted. Probably the Count himself occasionally contributed to its columns.

On August 28, shortly before I was to leave, I attended the Count's birthday party, which included only the narrower family circle. Tolstoi's second son, Ilia Lvovich, a sturdy, rather stocky young man twenty-one years old, had come down to Iasnaia Poliana from Moscow for the occasion. He was in army uniform; he had just finished his first year of military service. I think he was a chip of the old Tolstoi in his youth; he led a carefree cavalier life, refused to let his father's social doctrines worry him, and incidentally cost his mother, who was strong on living up to the family standing, a pretty sum of money.

It was glorious weather, and a birthday dinner was served to some twenty of us present in the open air. The centenarian cook had taken charge of the kitchen again for this single day, and he provided us with many delicious dishes and many a pleasant drink. Even Lev Nikolaevich was prevailed upon to relax his total abstinence for the occasion, as he had to respond to numerous toasts and birthday wishes. All in the way of eating and drinking that is ever provided in Russia on such occasions was here in abundance.

After dinner our party scattered through the park. I strolled off with Ilia Lvovich, who wanted to be alone in

order to unbutton his uniform that he now found distressingly tight after his heavy meal. As we were walking along we approached the pond in the Park, and the idea of taking a refreshing bath suddenly occurred to my young companion. Before I could prevent it, or even make a protest, he was out on the little wharf undressing hastily, and sprang with a great splash into the water. This prank disturbed me greatly. Did n't the lad know how dangerous it was to jump into a cold pond after a full meal, when he was warm and perspiring? When he did not appear immediately after his dive, I feared that he might have had heart-failure. But he popped up a moment later, floundered around with a great splashing, swam about for a short time, and came out greatly refreshed. Nevertheless, I felt it incumbent on me to read him a lesson upon his recklessness; and as Lev Nikolaevich himself came along just then I turned to the father and described how startled and frightened I had been at his son's recklessness.

The Count merely smiled and asked his son, who by this time had completed dressing: 'Well now, how do you feel after your swim?'

'Magnificent! Like another man!' was the answer.

Thereupon the Count turned to me and said: 'My dear Fedor Fedorovich, you see we cannot always generalize. The doctors may have proved that it is dangerous for the heart to take a cold bath right after eating. But that does not disprove the old familiar fact that what may harm a weak physique may not injure a sound one. My son Iliusha has a strong, vigorous body, and instinctively knows it. His swim did him a lot of good. He feels like another man. Do you think I ought to forbid him such a pleasure? A weak man is apt to call reckless what a strong man thinks commonplace.'

So I got the lecture instead of his son Iliusha.

The porch that ran along the front of the house had no railing and was sadly weather-worn and dilapidated. Directly in front of it was a gravel path, and beyond that a broad, square, closely mown English lawn, where the young people, especially the young ladies, often played games, including lawn tennis. Along the border were several flower-beds, some of which were still in bloom.

The evening following the Count's birthday was as beautiful as the day itself. After supper our guests took their departure and the birthday party itself was over; but some of the younger people still lingered to enjoy the calm evening and the glory of the starry heavens that arched over the black Park. The young men lay stretched upon the greensward, the glow of their lighted cigarettes punctuating the darkness. We studied the stars and constellations and pointed out to each other Orion, the Big Bear, the Little Bear, Cassiopeia, and all the countless worlds that twinkled and glimmered above. The moon was already approaching its setting over the black forest line and was half obscured by light fleecy clouds.

On the left end of the porch Countess Tatiana, the eldest daughter of the Count, sat with her guitar. Her sister Vera and the two other Veras — the inseparable Clover Leaf of Three Creeds — were sitting at her feet. They sang melancholy folk-songs that seemed to accord perfectly with the solemn stillness of the evening. Countess Tatiana led the singing in a low voice, and the young girls at her feet joined in a chorus subdued to the accompaniment of her guitar.

Count Lev Nikolaevich had brought out a chair to the other side of the porch, where he sat a little apart in

the shadow, his cigarette alternately glowing and dimming like a variable star. The magnificent evening and the melancholy notes of the songs that the girls were singing had obviously evoked a flood of thoughts within him that he must struggle with alone; and I fancied that I could divine what the old man above there, on the porch, was thinking. Did not his anniversary invite him to review his whole past life? Was he not asking himself what all his labor, his teaching, and his writing were really doing to better the world? Were his hands not empty and his heart filled with inexpressible grief? He had delivered many noble messages, but had performed no noble deeds to correspond. Would his words not therefore prove sterile? His doctrines, like all doctrines, craved incarnation in living realities — but he saw no signs of that on any side. The crude materialism of his age, the faults and prejudices of society, opposed him at every step. At one time he had cherished the hope that he might be able at least to bring up his sons and daughters in the spirit of his own teaching. But had he any disciples in his own family — outside the Clover Leaf of Three Creeds? Surely he must not let his life end thus, in a resonance of empty words! The day must come when he would be forced to unburden his conscience before God and to cast from himself all his present shackles, — family, relatives, society, — when humanity would summon him to be its emancipator and pilot to salvation. And when that time came he must follow the call as if it were the voice of God Himself.

Thus I interpreted the thoughts and dreams of the lonely man on the verandah, whose soul, like his gaze, was lifted toward the starry heavens above us.

CHINA FROM A CAR WINDOW

BY GORDIUS NIELSEN

From the *Japan Weekly Chronicle*, September 27
(KOBE ANGLO-JAPANESE WEEKLY)

It is shortly after the noon hour. A charming young lady has shaken the traveler by the hand and presented him with a fine bouquet of carnations, as pure and lovely as herself. The train moves slowly out of the station and the vision disappears with agile steps along the platform. Alone. And yet not alone, for Life is all about. To descend from the realm of dreams to the more realistic terms of everyday life, we encounter the geographical notion called the province of Kiangsu, in which the commercial metropolis of Shanghai, the gubernatorial city of Nanking, the silk-producing centre of Wusih, and the ancient city of Soochow, renowned all over China for its beautiful women, are situated, and the train increases its speed in order to reach Nanking, some two hundred and fifty miles distant, on time.

The country is one vast field, many thousand square miles in extent, green as the newest billiard cloth and bursting with fertility. It has already produced one or two crops of cereals this season, but now every inch of ground is covered with a vast carpet of green rice standing in two inches of water, the stalks some two feet long. Not a human soul is to be seen in this ant hill of human beings, for the farmer and all his family retire during the hottest hours of the day to indulge in a well-earned rest and sleep. But while they are sleeping the rice grows.

It has cost an immense amount of human effort to attain the present almost voluptuous appearance of the

fields, but with the exception of a little weeding here and there it is now only necessary to keep the rice stalks standing in two inches of water for a couple of weeks, until they have attained the degree of maturity when the sun and a sun-baked soil will do the rest. All that part of China which is irrigated by the creeks of the immense Yangtze is just now in a similar condition of prospective food-wealth. One begins to juggle with figures in order to arrive at some mathematical conception of the labor expended to create it.

If all goes well during the next six or seven weeks, this belt, a thousand miles long and three hundred miles wide, will yield some 120,000,000,000 pounds of unhulled rice or, say, about 85,000,000,000 pounds of cleaned rice. If this were distributed to China's 400,000,000 people each person would receive 212 pounds a year or about half a pound a day, which is not enough to keep body and soul together in the long run. In actual practice only about half of China's population consumes per person approximately a pound and a quarter of rice a day, and the rest of the people hardly ever taste a grain of rice from the hour they are born till they are gathered to their fathers. One begins to understand why it is a criminal offense to export rice from China.

Still, the crop is immense. And the labor expended on its cultivation is so enormous that it staggers an Occidental mind. There is first the laborious turning-over of the soil, either by the

human hand that holds a spade or by a clumsy device of wood charitably known as a plough. Such a contrivance is drawn by a buffalo, by a cow, or by a heifer and a donkey together, with the patient farmer trudging barefooted behind in the furrow from early morning till sundown, day after day and for many days. Then comes the harrowing, as often as not with a bunch of prickly branches trailing on the ground. But the ground must be made soft, and to that end a water wheel is rigged up on the bank of the creek. Agile feet step quickly on the wooden knobs inserted in the crank shaft, and the water is lifted through the narrow sluice up into the dry field. Wealthier farmers possess a buffalo, which they hitch on to a cogwheel that again hitches on to the sluice, and in this manner much human labor is saved.

But often neither human feet nor buffalo will suffice to get the water lifted on to the parched fields. Sometimes the river bank is too high for the employment of these ingenious contrivances, and other and more laborious devices have to be adopted. A small cave is then dug out a few feet above the surface of the creek, and with a special shovel the farmer throws the creek water into the hollow. When it is full, he and his assistant take up a position on either side of the hollow. Over the latter they hold suspended a good-sized bucket by bamboo ropes, the ends of which are held by the two men. They then swing the bucket for the purpose of making it plunge a couple of inches into the water, where it instantly fills through the force of the impact. Helped on by a clever manipulation of the double ropes attached to the bucket, the latter recedes swiftly from its bath, is stopped in its backward career by a vigorous jerk on the ropes by the two men and its contents thrown over the brink of the

creek bank on to the thirsty field. The ploughing, the harrowing, the treadmill pumping, and the bucket watering on the fields each constitutes a herculean task that would break a less robust back than that belonging to John Chinaman.

But these are mere preparations necessary for the vital performance of planting the little green seedlings that have been raised in a small patch in a corner of the field. Before the sun is up the farmer and all available helpers stand in the field knee-deep in liquid mud, bent over the task of sticking these little green seedlings into the earth, which in due course will transform them into three-foot stalks, each bearing an ear of rice containing from thirty to fifty grains. Always provided that drought, inundation, or a swarm of locusts does not destroy the fruit of all this labor. Unfortunately these calamities happen far too frequently in China, bringing famine, pestilence, and death. But the man who survives these visitations will again, when the next season comes round, take up the fight against what he calls 'the will of Heaven' and bend his unbreakable back toward the task of securing for himself and his numerous family the wherewithal to fill an ever hungry stomach.

Such is the farmer's lot in China. With imperturbable fortitude he cultivates his little patch of field, well knowing that he is indulging in a huge gamble that may ruin him and even cause his death. But, in a sense, death has no terrors for him. He sees our coming and going as of little more importance, in a hoary cosmos, than the blade of grass that withered yesterday. With all his superstitions John Chinaman is not an unsound philosopher.

But the task of sticking this hundred thousand million billion young seed-

lings into the soft earth baffles imagination. Conceive the number of times the planter has to bend his back in order to leave the four or five sprouts that form each single planting firm in the ground! Before there can be any hope of filling the stomach, the back has to bend in the rice-growing districts of China so many times that the figures denoting the exchange value of German marks dwindle into utter insignificance by comparison.

But if nothing untoward happens, China should be a magnificent granary when the harvest is over. The fields are simply bursting with wealth, and the thought cannot escape one that there may be something to spare for her stricken neighbors just across the sea.

Ugly-looking, gnarled, undersized, twisted, leafless trees announce that we have entered the rich silk-producing district of Wusih, where filatures and the tall chimneys of brand new cotton-mills tower in the distance. These hoary old bushes, which can hardly claim to be called trees, are long since stripped of their resplendent green foliage that served as food for the millions of silkworms which burst into life last May. They, like all newborn things, are hungry from the moment they enter the world, and luscious fresh mulberry leaves are spread in a double layer on a huge bamboo tray for their nourishment.

It is astonishing to see how these tiny maggots gorge themselves, and how they, almost visibly before one's eyes, grow in length and corpulence. Within three weeks they may be measured by inches, and as they have by that time had all they want to eat they spin a tiny cobweb round their sleek bodies and transform themselves into cocoons. As such they are either sold to dealers who know their true value or

kept in the low hut that constitutes the farmer's castle. In thousands of homes one may see a score or more of these precious pupæ floating in a boiling fluid, kept at a uniform temperature, in the only cooking utensil of the house, by the aid of a small pair of bellows that is being carefully worked by a six-year-old child.

The lady of the house has undone the end of the hardly visible silky cobweb into which the pupa has spun itself, twisted a dozen or more of these threads together, and is now in the act of unspinning the silken thread from as many cocoons as she desires the thickness of her thread to be. It is all very primitive. Nevertheless the piece of silk cloth, when some weeks later it is tightly suspended over a bamboo frame, and adorned with the embroidery she with deft fingers artfully works on it, is often a thing of beauty in its quaint design and careful execution.

There is something romantic about the quaint scenery of Chinkiang as the train puffs along among eerie rocky pinnacles on which are perched dilapidated pagodas and a few ancient cypresses. Some of the latter were planted when Charlemagne held sway over Europe. In the dim light of approaching night visions of heroic deeds by love-sick belted earls, battling for the possession of the fair lady residing in yonder castle and guarded by a hard-hearted and tyrannical lord, float before the traveler's eye. But the days of such romantic enterprises are gone. In a minute the picture vanishes, for the train buries itself in a horribly dark tunnel and stops with a jerk in front of the platform of Chinkiang. It would be easy here to conjure up reminiscences of Tiger Hill and the porcelain pagoda of Nanking and to draw a picture of the court of the many kings who held sway here some sixty

years ago during the Taiping rebellion. But it is now pitch dark; the only things visible are the really artistic and beautiful photographs that adorn the walls of the coupé.

Some ten years ago, when the Tientsin-Pukow Railway was first opened, I was a passenger to Peking. We crossed the Yangtze from Nanking in an old ramshackle contrivance, dignified by the appellation of a steamer, and comfort was conspicuous by its absence. Nowadays a modern, well-equipped ferry, clean, commodious, and powerful, takes the traveler over the river in a few minutes. The Blue Express is waiting alongside the platform. Are we in China or in God's own country? The train reminds the agreeably surprised traveler of the Santa Fé Express running out of San Francisco to Williams, where a side line takes one to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. The Blue Express is blue indeed, but not gaudily so, and we step inside. Again fortune favors the unworthy, and he gets a cabin all to himself, although there are a fair number of passengers.

My compartment is well kept and comfortable and I go to sleep trusting that bandits will be considerate enough not to derail us during the night.

Early next morning the train had got as far as Hsuchowful, a large city on the border of the bandit territory, and we learned that a few days before some thousands of them had descended on the town and been ingloriously beaten by the troops, who had killed more than a hundred of them. But long before daylight we had peered out into the darkness and seen at every turn busy farmers tilling their poor soil by the help of a cow, or a cow and a donkey. Thus some people have to work while we are stretched luxuriously on a soft couch looking out of the window,

Yet even we have to rise to the day's work, which mostly consists in pressing an electric button and giving our orders. The service is irreproachable, the coffee might be worse, and those who serve it are clad in spotless white. Station platforms are always neat and tidy and not a single 'undesirable' is permitted to spoil the picture of orderliness and cleanliness. And so it continues to the journey's end. An agreeable surprise indeed. There are no rice fields in these parts and the coarse *koaliang* has all been harvested as far as Tsinanfu. Beyond that place every field still holds the long, heavy stalks with bunches of brown seeds hanging lazily on the top. Vendors of grapes and large, luscious peaches are offering fruit from behind barbed wire at the back of the platform. These peaches are a revelation. They are nearly twice the size of those we see in Shanghai, are free from all parasitic excrescences and so juicy that they quickly quench our thirst.

But there is something else behind the barbed wire that is neither pleasant to look at nor suitable for import. Men, women, and children, the latter as naked as when they were born, dirty, half-starved, and with that look of distress which only an empty stomach can produce, cast pitiful glances at the Blue Express and thrust bony fingers and emaciated arms through the barbed wire in supplication of alms.

Sympathetic discus-throwers manage to hurl some coppers through the car window to the goal some thirty feet away, where the beggars tear the skin off their arms in an effort to annex the coins. It is a pitiful sight, and neither it nor the existence of such extreme poverty is excusable.

But there is hope. For when the train has pierced the wall of Peking the carnations are still fresh.

VELASQUEZ

BY HERBERT EULENBERG

[Herr Eulenberg will be remembered by Living Age readers as the author of a study in historical fiction of which George Washington was the subject. The following article is part of one of the essays in a volume called *Erscheinungen*, which is to appear in the spring.]

From *Neue Freie Presse*, August 12
(VIENNA LIBERAL DAILY)

Extracts from the outline of a week's activities by the Castle Marshal and Knight of the Order of Santiago, Don Diego de Silva Velasquez.

Early Sunday, at six o'clock, to hear the first High Mass in the house chapel of my royal master. Looking over the people from the bodyguard necessary for divine service.

At seven, inspection of the extra lackeys needed for to-day's service inside the castle. At half-past seven, interview with the chief lady-in-waiting, for tidings of the sleep and health of our most gracious Infanta Margarita. At the request of the King, she donned the bell-shaped, silver-embroidered, rose-colored gown in which I recently painted her and which seems to please the King exceedingly.

At eight o'clock, wakening of His Most Illustrious Majesty, by our majordomo, the Count of Montalban, whom it is my duty to warn at a quarter of an hour in advance. At nine, examination of the high chapel and the walks approaching it, in order to clear away any dirt. At ten, regular court duties in the presence of our Most Gracious King, the Chief Cardinal of the Inquisition, and the whole Court. From eleven to twelve, in mantle without cap and dagger, in the waiting-room of the King, according to his standing directions. From half-past twelve to two, in my official residence in the Treasury.

At two o'clock, hold myself in readiness to accompany His Majesty on his rounds of the park. At four, report to the Chief Marshal of the Court. At five, formal dinner in the Mirror Hall of the Alcázar, at which I must set the King's chair and later be ready to have the table cleared at his nod. At seven, receive reports from the ten chamberlains assigned to me. At eight, final report to the Chief Marshal of the Court.

Especial duties for the coming week:—

On Monday, audience with the illustrious Duke of Alvarez concerning preparation of his portrait on horseback. In the afternoon, preparation of the wooden horse on which the Duke will pose in riding-habit.

On Tuesday, presentation to His Majesty of my plans for the new decorations of the ballroom in the country-seat, Buen Retiro. In the evening, presence in the great theatre for consultation with the painter Señor Baccio del Banco with regard to the magic transformation scene in Calderón's new play, *Perseus*.

Wednesday, discussion with regard to the improvement and renovation of the royal bed-linen. The same day, a hundred and four reals to be paid to Pedro Sandrez for a hundred and fifty hooks for the hanging of pictures in His Majesty's working-room.

Early Thursday, unrolling of the pictured wall-hangings — the so-called French tapestries. After dinner, checking of the monthly accounts of the merchants who supply wood for the fireplaces of Las Rosas, Galapagar, and Alcobendas.

Friday, the preparation of layers of rushes for the halls of the palace must be looked over, since the first of them, for which I gave eighty reals last autumn, will no longer do.

Saturday afternoon, hearing of the two former Cabinet servants of His Majesty, who have asserted that I prepared the King's commode too late.

Sunday morning, in the Capella Real, on the anniversary of the death of our blessed Infante, Prince Baltazar Carlos, for the repose of his soul. Thereafter, inspection of the Church of the Virgin de la Almodena, in which our Illustrious Lord one Sunday, in honor of the fiesta of the Birth of Mary, intends to hear High Mass. Thereafter paying off His Majesty's five objectionable attendants. In the afternoon, audience and report to the King concerning the decoration of his sleeping-room with pictures by Rubens. In the evening, distribution of twelve repaired straw-sacks to His Majesty's grooms.

Sunday, immediately after Mass, must also be devoted to the preparation for the boar-hunt which my royal master intends to hold in the valley in the Pardo. Inspection of the pack, especially the mastiffs and the small greyhounds. Report to the King on the condition of the game and the preparation of the new boar-spear ordered for him. The latter, with a new spoon-shaped gold head, has just been made ready for His Majesty, in exact accord with his own desires that at the close of the hunt there shall be a tournament with blunt spears, with regard to which I must have a consultation with the

major-domo. The dark-blue coach with the red hangings for the Queen will require an investigation of the condition of the glass windows, since one of them was broken on the way home from the last hunt. I have directed two hunters with spears to take up their post immediately beside the Queen's coach, in order that Her Majesty may not be annoyed or put in danger again by the boar. The coaches of the court ladies are to be arranged about the Queen's coach, and at the same time I expect to have the horses, when they are unharnessed, taken some distance away. The ladies complained at the last boar-hunt with regard to the steam and odor from the mules standing near them.

May the Holy Virgin and my patron Saint assist me in these and in all things.

From the report of the Venetian Ambassador to the Great Council.

The dead sun about which everything here revolves, His Majesty Philip the Fourth, grandson of that Philip the Second before whom the world trembled, is a pitiful nonentity. He leaves the rule of his country to his favorite, the all-powerful Duke of Alva, who has ruined more countries for the Spanish Empire than any conqueror ever won for it. The King regards all his military and diplomatic disasters with the indifference of a man who sees someone, about whom he does not greatly care, losing at chess. The fact that in this way half of the vast power left him by his great-grandfather Carlos the Fifth — of whom he and the Spaniards speak only as 'The Emperor' — is slowly and forever being dissipated seems scarcely to disturb him. He never laments, he never complains, he never laughs. He is good-natured, though not at all open-handed. He likes comedies, takes no pleasure in

court fools and curiosities, and loves the fine arts, painting as well as music. A man without fire or spirit. He looks coldly and indifferently out of big watery eyes upon the world that belongs to him; and the thick, smooth mouth, with the loosely hanging underlip above the massive yet weak-looking chin, seems perpetually to be saying, 'Never mind, let well enough alone, nobody can change things.'

This dull, unemotional, cold, white visage has had the extraordinary luck to be immortalized in numerous pictures from the brush of one of the best portrait-painters of all times — his Court painter, Velasquez. Just as his grandfather, 'The Emperor,' would have his features reproduced only by Titian, this pale wax-doll has declared that Velasquez alone is worthy to depict him. Moreover, he treasures this Apelles exceedingly, and converses with him over matters concerning the imperial family, as if with an equal. The painter is permitted to go in and out of the King's apartments freely, and he has recently painted an exceedingly intimate family picture which is much admired here, and which — from the noblewomen who wait on the little Infanta — is called *Las Meninas* (The Maids of Honor). Upon the completion of this picture the monarch must needs paint with his own hand the red cross of the Order of Santiago — with which he wished to reward him for this work — in the picture on the breast of Velasquez, who was represented in a mirror with his brush in hand. There is also in the study of the painter, on the first floor of the palace, an armchair continually kept ready for the King, so that he can watch his beloved painter in his leisure hours. The King insists strenuously that nobody else must use the seat dedicated to himself.

The only genuine pleasure of this

weary ruler, who perpetually seems about to fall asleep, is hunting, since he is a master horseman, especially skilled in the art of curveting. He is said to have shot more than four hundred wolves, six hundred stags, and even more fallow deer, and to have slain about a hundred and fifty boars. On all his hunting expeditions, most of which take place near Madrid, he must needs have his painter Velasquez as a companion. . . . Undeserved good fortune has befallen this sleepyhead, and Spanish art has burst into bloom in his reign as never before. Now, as always, Fortune is the most whimsical of ladies. Upon this empty skull she places a wreath of illustrious artists, which he accepts complacently as if he and his reign had produced these supermen; whereas the only achievement to which he can lay claim — and not even this in every case — is that he has not hindered them. The sole discovery that he has made is the *golilla*, a short, smooth ruff, starched or held stiff with wire, which he has introduced in place of the expensive lace frills, in order not to enrich the Dutch.

From the reports of Cardinal Francesco Barberini.

To-day Velasquez, the Court painter of His Spanish Majesty, whose acquaintance I had already made hastily in Madrid, appeared before me. It was at the time of the baptism of the Infanta Maria Teresa, at which I officiated. He brought a painting of her which he was carrying to the Queen of Naples, and I was amazed at the likeness. Even so did the dear Princess stand before me when I took my farewell of her, with her blond hair and tender blue eyes, so that I was almost tempted to draw the picture to me and imprint a kiss upon the forehead of the charming Infanta. In conversation with the painter, for the first time I

learned that he comes from Seville. I should never have taken him for an Andalusian, for he seems like a Castilian in every respect: in his reserve, in his coolness, — not to say his coldness, — which he makes evident in his figures, as well as in his distinguished appearance and his pride. He seemed to be prouder of his nobility than of his art, and several times I heard him say, casually but distinctly, that he came originally from an old noble family of Portugal, and that there was a King of León among his ancestors. His hand usually rests on the hilt of his dagger when he is not painting, and one feels that he regards it as more worthy of him to do nothing than to wield the brush; but at thirteen he was already using his Latin schoolbooks as sketchbooks, and he began to study painting under the masters. 'After I had proved myself in art, as they say, I stayed in it,' he told me indifferently.

I had secured him lodgings in the Vatican Palace — which he later abandoned — and I met him here and there during his stay of one year in Rome. Once I found him in the garden of the Villa Medici, where he had found lodging. Here he was painting two landscape pieces, perfectly accurate and true to life. In one of these pictures it especially struck me that, instead of the magnificently artistic bed of roses that I pointed out to him, he selected a stone building in process of repair, which was surrounded with ugly scaffolding over which a Roman washer-

woman had spread out her linen to dry.

Later on I saw his painting, *Forge of Vulcan*, which is much discussed in Rome and which he intends to take back to the King. I was amazed at the astonishingly human portrayal of the two gods. The picture shows the moment when the sun-god Apollo brings word to Vulcan, who is working in his smithy, of the infidelity of his wife Venus.

It would appear that servants and lackeys of the Spanish Ambassador served the painter in this reproduction of a bit of the myths of the gods, since he has painted Mars from a marketman with a funny little moustache like a constable, and Venus like an Andalusian country girl who permits us only to see her back.

Yet on a second visit that I paid the painter — to see another big picture, which represented Jacob with the bloody coat of his son Joseph — I had to admit that around this peasant sun-god there beamed a radiance and distinction such as Guido Reni himself could have painted no more beautifully around the chariot of the sun. One must look for a long time at such a novel representation of the heathen myths, just as I always looked at his picture of Bacchus which I saw a short time before my trip into Madrid, and can enjoy them only with care. The Spaniards call this picture, from the dissipated company of countrymen around the central figure, *Los Borrachos* (The Topers), and admire it greatly.

FEW, BUT ROSES

BY F. L. LUCAS

From the *New Statesman*, October 20
(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

A RECENT writer on Tennyson has suggested as an explanation of the hero-worship of the Victorians that 'the more the scientists shook their faith in God, the more did they invest their contemporaries with divine attributes.'

One may suspect that the cause lay rather in the seriousness with which that age took things generally. But at all events that motive has ceased to work with us, and in a Cambridge teeming with savants who split, not the traditional hair, but the atom itself, no devout hand lays wreaths of bay on the steps of Whewell's Court. And whereas enthusiasts swarmed stealthily up the very elms of Farringford to watch a shortsighted laureate disport himself at battledore and shuttlecock, not a head turns now as down King's Parade passes the author of the *Shropshire Lad*. Not that, in this particular case, one would recommend the most undaunted American 'big game' hunter to attempt closer approaches; or that in general anyone need sigh for Victorian *Schwärmerei* here again; but there are other extremes.

We have learned to take Professor Housman for granted as a poet; perhaps we have learned the lesson a little too thoroughly. Must we wait to bury Cæsar before we praise him to the full, for the earth to cover it before we realize how much has meant to us this shadow of a great rock in the weary land of modern verse, so boundless and so bare? Professor Housman has given us his 'last' poems; so that we can see his work, it is to be feared, already as a

whole, if not so steadily as posterity. For that posterity will read him seems to me as — humanly — certain as it is dubious if there are more than two other living English poets of whom the same can be said.

When *Last Poems* appeared, the reviews paid, indeed, their tributes to his verse and style and beauty — such tributes as adorn the wrappers of half a hundred other poets, in the inflated currency of to-day; but when it came to certain other characteristics there appeared in their criticisms a tone ludicrously like the reluctant testimony of conjured devils. The view of life that breathes through these poems, the essence of their being, was passed gingerly over, with a mild deprecation, perhaps, of some particularly defiant utterance, or a pious wish that Professor Housman were less pessimistic — much as one might sigh what an agreeable play *Hamlet* might be without that depressing prince. Indeed, it recalls the advertisement I received the other day of a selected edition of Voltaire: '*Tout en reproduisant la physiognomie du poète philosophe, l'auteur s'est appliqué avec le plus grand soin à ne rien laisser passer qui pût choquer les susceptibilités de qui que ce soit*' — a recommendation calculated to make the dead chuckle in his grave.

But one cannot believe that posterity, if statesmen allow us that luxury, will fall into this half-hearted, impertinent folly. Wondering what the Georgians really thought and felt about existence, — turning wearily from piles of little

poets who busied themselves scrabbling illuminated miniatures in the margin of the book of life, and with slight disgust from such typical Georgianisms as Sir Oliver Lodge and Canon Barnes exchanging bouquets of pious nothings before edified audiences at the British Association, — they will find here one answer to their question, one personality among so many echoing masks, one reading of life, wrong maybe, but blurred and corrupted at least with no optimistic emendations, and rendered into English of a purity that English literature has not surpassed. Some, rejecting his interpretation, will yet recognize, if they are human, that in moods, at least, they too have felt the same, and will hope, if they are wise, that though differing they enjoy him none the less; and some, sharing his view of life, will know that they enjoy him yet the more. And nobody will deprecate.

In pre-war Cambridge, which seemed so much more exciting than it does now, — though this is doubtless mere middle-age, — one of the greatest of excitements was the newcomer's discovery everywhere, in its little red binding, of the *Shropshire Lad* — the expression, so long inarticulately wanted, here found at last, of the resentment, the defiance, the luxuriant sadness — sentiment, I suppose, some will call it — of youth. With what expectation one waited in the Lecture Theatre of the Arts School, amid an audience that seemed unworthily sparse, for the first sight of the poet — and in what perplexity one went away.

Could this quiet, immaculate figure, setting straight, with ev n-voiced, passionless, unresting minuteness, the jots and tittles of a fifth-rate ancient whose whole epic was not worth one stanza of his own — could this be the same? Only the lines about the mouth with their look of quiet, unutterable distaste,

only the calm, relentless, bitter logic, as of destiny itself, with which some sprawling German commentator was broken into little pieces and dropped into the void, seemed in the least recognizable features. One came away feeling as if one had been watching a disguised Apollo picking the oakum of Admetus — divinely — but oakum! Had I known them then, I should surely have thought of those lines of Matthew Arnold to — of all things in this connection — a Gipsy Child: —

Is the calm thine of stoic souls, who weigh
Life well, and find it wanting, nor deplore:
But in disdainful silence turn away,
Stand mute, self-centred, stern, and dream no
more?

And had I been a prophet, I should have thought too of the verse that follows: —

Once ere the day decline, thou shalt discern,
Oh once, ere night, in thy success thy chain.
Ere the long evening close, thou shalt return,
And wear thy majesty of grief again.

But in those days *Last Poems* were beyond our hopes, and none dreamed of a second sunrise that should make the Sphinx of the desert once more a Memnon of the dawn. It was cause for gratefulness enough that the *Shropshire Lad* was there — that and the poetry of Morris — to bear one through the war.

Arnold, indeed, the poet-professor of the sister University, with his classicism and his Vergilian majesty of sorrow, is Professor Housman's nearest kin in English literature; and for a third to join with these, we must look to the disdainful yet tender brevity of Landor. In no other three of our poets have the spirits of Greece, Rome, and England found that happy mixture of their elements which lives in them — the grace and lucid sadness of the flutes of Hellas, the proud glitter and the stab of the short Roman sword, the sweetness and strength of the English countryside.

Arnold doubted more, and wailed because he doubted, till harder men lost patience with his 'nibbling and quibbling' about belief; he was sometimes prim; and, unsurpassed as his best work is, and far wider in its range, he had not, technically, the sureness of the later poet's touch. Landor was less subtle and, likewise, less sure.

It is a curiosity of literature that so late in the development of English poetry it should have been possible to bring harmonies so new, so invariably perfect, out of some of its most hackneyed metres. Swinburne produced many of his miracles by brilliant modifications of old metrical forms. Beddoes recaptured, as no one since has done, the secret magic of Elizabethan blank verse. But Professor Housman modifies little and recaptures nothing; though the Carolines used some of his verse-forms to perfection, they are not like him. And when one sits down and puzzles where one has seen anything really akin to this Melchizedek, there comes only the unexpected half-answer: 'In Heine.' The belief that there is here more than coincidence is strengthened when one recognizes in the flower of 'Sinner's Rue' no other than the German's *Armesünderblum*—the blue floweret that grows at crossroads on the mounds of the slayers of themselves.

But this does not go far toward explaining how his effects are produced; it is easy to docket the artifices he so boldly and openly uses, such as the assonance and alliteration of

Ah, past the plunge of plummet,
In seas I cannot sound,
My heart and soul and senses,
World without end, are drowned.

His *folly* has not *fellow*
Beneath the blue of day
That gives to man or woman
His heart and soul away.

There flowers no balm to *sain* him
From east of earth to west

That's *lost* for everlasting
The heart out of his breast;

or the haunting

From all the woods that autumn
Bereaves in all the world.

It is simple to note the repetition carried even beyond Roman bounds till, once, it becomes a little self-caricaturish —:

The goal stands up, the keeper
Stands up to keep the goal.

But the charm endures where these devices are not; there are so many strings to this bow with its sweet swallow-song—pause and shift of stress, fingering and vowel-play, and, above all, the skill which keeps the diction of these lyrics so simple and close to the directness of prose, without ever transgressing that fatal boundary, by its perfect intermingling of the unexpected word with the speech of everyday, of the unexpected thought with the looked-for conclusion. Indeed, his Shropshire lads talk with just that 'wild civility' for which Herrick praised his love:—

There flowers no balm to *sain* him . . .

From far, from eve and morning
And yon *twelve-winded* sky . . .

But men at *whiles* are sober
And think by fits and starts,
And if they think, *they fasten*
Their hands upon their hearts.

But perhaps the supreme example of the sudden sting the verse leaves in the hearer's heart, as with all the wonder of a serpent's suppleness it glides away, is in the last but one of all the poems:—

On russet floors, by waters idle,
The pine lets fall its cone;
The cuckoo shouts all day at nothing
In leafy dells alone;
And traveler's-joy beguiles in autumn
Hearts that have lost their own.

In the second volume, as a whole, indeed, if there is any development it

is an extension of this device of sudden check and unexpected pleasure to the rhythm also: —

'What sound awakened me, I wonder,
For now 't is dumb.'

'Wheels on the road, most like, or thunder:
Lie down; 't was not the drum.'

or, best of all: —

Wenlock Edge was umbered,
And bright was Abdon Burf,
And warm between them slumbered
The smooth green miles of turf;
Until from grass and clover
The upshot beam would fade,
And England over
Advanced the lofty shade.

And, with this, there goes a growing boldness in the surprises of the thought, a use of metaphors quite 'metaphysical,' such as that ironic 'foolscap' wherewith night's cone-shaped shadow crowns the earth eternally, or that last mantle which cured Dick's lifelong hatred of the cold: —

Fall, winter, fall: for he,
Prompt hand and headpiece clever,
Has woven a winter robe,
And made of earth and sea
An overcoat forever,
And wears the turning globe.

These things produce their complete effect just because the power to contrive them is controlled with a rigid economy; so that the general impression these lyrics leave is of a strength that never needs to strive or cry, a beauty whose quality is never strained. 'Schiller,' observed Coleridge, 'sets you a whole town afire. But Shakespeare drops you a handkerchief.' And, as there is no strain, so there are no collapses; if we could spare anything, it would be some of the poems on soldiers and on gallows. But such exceptions are few, and the most serious challenge to Housman's position will be his want of bulk. I do not think that need trouble us greatly; these poems, as Meleager said of Sappho's, are 'few,

but roses.' The poems of Catullus are likewise few.

But the spell of this poetry does not live merely in its technical perfections, in its pure beauty, in the happy way it has won a province of its own, like Hardy's Wessex, in the heart of England, in the flowery grace with which it wears its ancient learning, so that the reader recognizes on Shropshire lips, with a stab of spiritual homesickness, the well-known accents of Sarpedon and Achilles or some echo of the laconic fortitude of Rome; and the water, not of 'Nile' only, but of Simois and Scamander, Ilissus and Tiber,

spills its overflow
Beside the Severn's dead.

It is, as Milton demanded, not only 'simple' and 'sensuous,' but 'passionate' also, as the perfect in style often fails to be; and it is 'criticism of life' after Arnold's heart. Not popular criticism, indeed; pessimism so unflinching and inflexible is to be found in few English poets apart from Hardy and James Thomson. And even Mr. Hardy has sometimes wavered and of late grown mysteriously to resent the name; there is nothing in Professor Housman's work that could lend itself to such irony as the recent spectacle of babes and sucklings chanting a judiciously selected chorus of *The Dynasts* in honor of the Prince's visit to Dorchester.

This attitude to life many good people find bewildering and indecent: —

Terence, this is stupid stuff;
You eat your victuals fast enough.

Browning, at the rare moments when the voice of a groaning creation pierced his complacent ears, took refuge in the plea that one could really only speak for one's self and that he found life very tolerable. To others, life seems like the cave, not of Plato, but of Polyphemus; to a favored few the ogre

grants the boon of being last devoured; are they expected gratefully to rejoice in the commodiousness of the cavern and the courtesy of the Cyclops? The injuries of existence are deep enough without that insult; and from the conventional consolations tossed like straws to the drowning they turn to the last shreds of certainty, their own feelings before the shadow-pageant of phenomena, their power to appreciate the irony of the comedy, the beauty of the tragedy of things.

A Swift, frenzied by the spectacle of the 'oppression that makes a wise man mad,' cries '*Vive la bagatelle*': —

And the feather-pate of folly
Bears the falling sky.

A Thomson, again, finds in the defiance of despair despair's one palliative, as the old king of Pontus in poison poison's antidote: —

Mithridates, he died old;

and it is not the open eyes of disillusion
that stumble worst,

as you and I

Fare on our long fool's-errand to the grave.

Pessimism is not depressing to those who have faced it, and pride may be one of the deadly sins, but it gives not the ignoblest human answer to the menace of eternity. The oracles are dumb, the odds impossible; but —

The Spartans on the sea-wet rock sat down and
combed their hair.

It is of poetry like this that Cardinal Newman's words are true: 'Poetry is the refuge of those who have not the Catholic Church to flee to and repose upon.' Those who deprecate its pessimism do not realize that they are asking for the building without the foundation, the body without the life. If there were not the despair, there could not be the passion; if there were not the tragedy, there could not be the majesty of grief.

The troubles of our proud and angry dust
Are from eternity and shall not fail.

BIARRITZ, PLAYGROUND OF KINGS

BY GEORGES DUBARBIER

From *La Nouvelle Revue*, October 1
(LITERARY AND POLITICAL SEMIMONTHLY)

HERE we are at Biarritz, where luxury, elegance, and snobbery have eclipsed the natural beauties of the coast. It is the vacation centre, the chosen spot of those who seek amusement, a worldly and demimondaine sort of place. If a rush of water up the estuary were to destroy the lighthouse, the classic Rock of the Virgin, the old harbor, and a section of the town, sparing the part

called the Grande Plage, Biarritz would still survive because the children would have saved her sand to play with, and their parents would have been left the promenade with the Gypsy orchestra and the games at the casinos — for, if you please, there are two of them, by the grace of the gods and of M. Boulant.

It is eleven o'clock at the Grande

Plage. It is the time when sauntering along the promenade by the edge of the sand is a real delight. In the afternoon it will be too hot and there will be a crowd; but during the late morning hours everyone is full of the joy of living in the tender air, under a bright sunlight as cheerful as the swarming street urchins — brown moving specks on the clear sand. The wind blows white skirts and colored scarfs like flags flapping in a holiday breeze. Linen, flannel, and elegant untidiness are all the style. The place also looks something like the deck of a pleasure boat, for the canvases spread out over the promenade contribute to this illusion as much as the appearance of the people who are walking up and down. On each side of the 'deck' wicker arm-chairs are filled with their morning occupants — young ladies in sport outfits, young and old men who breathe the salt air and sip mixed drinks. These devotees of the shore come there between eleven and twelve o'clock simply for the sake of amusement. That is evident in their attitude when they go back to the town, reanimated by the incomparable bath of outdoor air.

The scene is the same at four o'clock in the afternoon. It is a regular sun-bath — or it might even be said that the atmosphere of a Turkish bath prevails under the stretched canvas of the promenade. The elegant sauntering of the morning is over. Now is the time for the human tide, just as punctual as the tide of the sea, for both rise and fall with a regular rhythm. It is no longer a bathing-beach — it is a carnival, and the two currents, rising and falling, are dammed up between parallel rows of seats occupied by a cosmopolitan assembly. Red or brick-colored English of both sexes, self-sufficient and naïve; Spaniards with a continually harassed appearance and noisy speech; some homeless Germans, too, with an anxious

air; and Frenchmen who are doing the rounds of the season. Everyone is moving about, looking over and passing judgment on his known or unknown neighbor without charity, while deceitful faces smile as they pass by. This worldly forum is amusing and instructive. All milieux and all classes meet here, absorb one another, and are amused or bored according to their temperament. Men survey the bathers, who look like gulls in their white dressing-gowns, breaking through the lines of people to get on to the sand. As to the women, they look at each other, especially at those who are dressed with good taste; but only to assess more accurately the price of the scarf or of the garment that is used for a robe. Fat gossips follow jealously with their eyes handsome 'foreign women' who walk by like mannequins in a dressmaking establishment; their comments pursue the perfumed trail, while their faces are sunk in a clenched hand whose curling fingers are covered with rings. The older women appraise these 'creatures' without any indulgence, though at the bottom of their hearts they envy their figures and their dresses.

We are now at the end of the jetty. Let us not go farther; the enchanted coast ends here. Let us not go up into the town beyond the steep ramparts. Up there is undoubtedly a town, very fascinating, but without any particular charm. That is the cliché common to all watering-places. The same hotels, the same cafés, the same casinos. You say, before coming here, that it is not Biarritz, it is Aix — Aix-on-the-Sea. Biarritz derives its distinction and its charm from its coast, its unexpected cliffs and its ever-changing sea. Let us not leave this imposing scene for the stuffy street which leads to a not less stuffy place — the 'Palace.'

It is a curious thing; but it seems as if

this wonderful natural site escaped the notice of natives. Did not people always think until a few years ago that there was something slightly comical in the mere name 'Biarritz'? It suggested an old bourgeois at the end of his career, who ransacks his papers in the hope of finding there some pretension to a noble title. Inept social climbers even wanted to give a different name to the queen of watering-places. As for Parisians and other aristocratic bathers, they still think that they are spending their vacation in a Basque country because they are living at Biarritz. I am sorry to have to rob them of this illusion. I am sorry for the disappointment I shall cause those neo-Basques, natives vanquished by ridiculous snobbery. But I distinctly declare that Biarritz is not Basque. It is, to tell the truth, the last place on the coast before we reach Basque territory, but it is still in Gascon country.

The Basques, whose origin has always remained a mystery, have settled down with complete indifference to administrative frontiers. That is why their country straddles the Pyrenees, and on the French side the line of demarcation between their country and Gascony is as capricious as possible. No stream of water, no range of hills constitutes the frontier. None the less, such a thing exists, rigid and clearly defined. There is no half-Basque country. The tourist, the hunter, the smuggler will leave a certain farm where Basque is spoken. A few yards farther on he will come to another farm where people speak only French, or a Gascon patois. The boundary passes between two houses, invisible but tangible. A certain township could be cited, in the northeastern part of the Basque country, of which the town seat is Gascon, as well as some of the hamlets. But then there are other parts which are Basque, with their unique character and lan-

guage, completely shut off from their neighbors.

Such is the case with Biarritz and its inhabitants — pure Gascons who speak Gascon and consider the incomprehensible Basque language an invention of the Devil. Go down into the populous quarters of the town. Ask an old fisherman or a native bathhouse-keeper how you say in Basque 'a boat,' 'the sea,' 'a fish,' choosing the name of something with which he is surely familiar. He will look at you with his mouth wide open, then will tell you that he is not one of 'those fellows.' Perhaps he will add, this time in dialect, a sharp response that you fortunately will not understand — some personal opinion about your indiscretion.

For the man of the people here does not acknowledge any connection with the Basques. He does not know, or else he scorns to know, that through publicity and snobbery some hocus-pocus has converted his country into Basque territory. A few years ago the fashionable natives would have blushed to be met in the street wearing their ancestral headdress — a coiffure as much Gascon as Basque. At that time it was stylish to ape the English. They wore tweed caps of a loud plaid pattern. How the times have changed! Since the English and other foreigners have got hold of the Basque idea, the style and native elegance that the townsfolk had not known before returned; and the national headdress has come back into its own. The exploits of the neighboring mountaineer during the war have made this formerly despised headdress popular everywhere in France and foreign countries, and through a whim of fashion grandchildren now copy their grandparents.

Besides this, everything strikes the Basque note. You wanted Biarritz to be Basque, O exigent foreigners — don't worry. Here nothing is refused to

anyone who pays for it, and you pay a good price. You are served. Basque headdress, Basque shoes, Basque architecture, Basque food, or almost so; and even — crowning horror — a 'Basque bar'!

These two shameless words are displayed on the façade of a hotel. They pursue the visitor to his house like a nightmare, because the newspapers have them displayed on the fourth page — Bar Basque. This time the grotesque effect is achieved. To whom is the honor due? To England or to the Basque country? These two words give the effect of a monstrously inappropriate combination. What will a bartender from the cold British Isles do in a hostelry in the picturesque Basque country? And what resemblance is there between the frequenters of this inn and the whiskey-drinkers of the Thames? Tell me, sailors from Liverpool or Southampton, when you go into your bar after a rough crossing, have you ever been served a glass of Iroulé-guy wine? Have you ever eaten there a *confit de canard* done in the Basque style? You peasants of Ustaritz and Hasparren, when you nonchalantly leave your yoke of oxen in the middle of the road to take a bite in some familiar place, do you know that you are going into a bar? In fact, how do you say 'bar' in your language?

Poor Basque country! They want to make you stylish. At London they want to dress you up and wash you so that your parents, the *nouveaux riches* at Biarritz, won't have to blush for you.

How long ago was it that the natives of Biarritz, proud of their watering-place and of their royal visitors, gathered together in the town square on certain Sundays during the season 'to see the Basques who came to dance' — they were real Basques. The townspeople looked at them with a

certain disdain, and, the present amalgamation not yet having taken place, they said: 'This year we have had so many English, so many Spaniards, and some "Russians" as well.' By the word 'Russians' they did not mean the subjects of Moscow, but the great, rough-hewn fellows from the Basque country.

Those frantic embellishers and nature-fakers who have made modern Biarritz have fortunately not launched an attack on the coast, which still preserves its pristine beauty; for here the sea would not permit such an act of profanity. It would have chastised the foolhardy wreckers. Did not they once want to link together the two farthest points of land with a breakwater to make a harbor at the most picturesque spot, the place most savagely beaten by the storms, that beautiful corner of the Rock of the Virgin? But the reply of the sea to that deed of vandalism was emphatic. It attacked unremittently the artificial handiwork that insulted it. It slowly demolished what man had erected and came out of the fight victorious, saving as proof a fragment of the unfinished breakwater. In this jumble of rocks the sea is always rough; its waves roll furiously, like watchdogs, into the cracks and on to the jetty itself. At the height of its rage, during the great storms in the Gulf of Gascony, it throws itself against the pedestal of the Virgin, and it seems as if its great voice expresses all the indignation of nature at what has been done to this worldly watering-place.

'I am forsaken and my work is not appreciated!' cries the beautiful rebel. 'In the old days people came to Biarritz on my account. The poets sang about me. Men appreciated what I had wrought for them on this divine shore. They praised my artistry, which was able to produce continually new effects from this coast; and now — what an

outrage! People go to Biarritz as they go to the Côte d'Azur, as they will go to the Sahara when that is the fashion. They would come here even if I were no longer present, just because of custom. Biarritz, the beautiful daughter that I brought into the world, has turned out badly. Should not this lighthouse, whose rays disturb my dreams at night, be turned more toward the casinos? They have reefs more dangerous than mine. The game my waves play no longer satisfies the blasé bathers. They must have artificial fire so that their scorched hair-nets may soil my white foam on holiday evenings along the Grande Plage.

'Are not the green and white plumes

that I send tumbling one over another on the rocks as beautiful as ever? Where is the human artist who will dare to measure himself with me?'

So speaks the sea to the cliffs of the Basque coast and to the Rock of the Virgin, those witnesses of its grandeur and its neglect. But it has no intention of giving up the fight. It thunders with a roar against the inner rocks. It submerges them in a great convulsion. In vain it cries its despair aloud to the Virgin, unassailable on her granite pedestal. Exhausted, it falls back in a silver cascade, leaving only foam and slime on the rocks. It still bubbles a little at the foot of the cliff, and finally, with a long sob, draws away.

THE SPENDTHRIFT CELT

BY SEOSAMH O'NEILL

From the *Irish Statesman*, October 27
(DUBLIN FREE STATE WEEKLY)

WHEN the Celts hived off thousands of years ago from the great parent swarm that supplied most of the present European races they broke away not only geographically but sociologically, and, if all their history since we know it is any index of that first sociological divergence of theirs, it certainly was not a divergence in the direction of husbanding their income. As a medical expert might put it, the ratio of the spending processes to the upbuilding processes was high in the Celt's constitution. He was, and is, compared to other European races, a high-gearred engine. He lived up to his income when he had it, and when it failed he lived down to what was left of it.

The result of this high gear of his and of his tendency not to bother about storing reserves of power has been that, though he forged ahead in the earliest competition of European races, he fell badly behind when reserves began to tell. When one first comes across traces of him in Greek and Roman history he is a world-spread, high-headed, dangerous fellow astride of Central Europe. The Alpine or the Balkan passes have no terrors for him. He crushes Greek phalanxes and Roman legions in his stride, plunders and colonizes Italy, Spain, and Asia Minor, and informs Alexander the Great, at the height of his fame, to the very great amazement and disgust of that demigod, that there

were only three things that he feared in all the world — to wit, an earth split, an overwhelming tidal wave, or a burst up in the sky!

None of these disasters happened to the Celts; yet, if all three had happened simultaneously, they could hardly have wiped out their language, their civilization, and their power more completely than they have been wiped out by the competition of other races who were once behind them in the race for Empire. So hard indeed has that competition borne upon our people that to-day the remnants of the civilization and the language that were once spread over Europe are struggling miserably for existence on a little verge of bad lands in Ireland, Britain, and France, while the races the Celts terrorized or dominated — the Latins, the Teutons, the Slavs — have divided not only all the rich lands of Europe between them, but the lands and the seas of half the world as well.

If the Celt were not prolific one might grasp at birth shortage as the reason for his extraordinary failure in the struggle for existence; but he is as prolific as he is vital. He had seemingly all the cards in his hands, all the factors in his favor.

When the veil is first drawn back from European history he is one of the dominant races of the whole centre of the Continent. All Central Europe is dotted with names of his strongholds, with the names he gave the rivers he loved to live on, with abundant traces of his imperious activity. He had all the advantages of first possession. He had a vitality and ardor that should have made him a world-ruler and welder of slower peoples. He had the enormous advantage of being in touch with the rich, formative civilization of the Mediterranean basin. He was so mighty a fellow physically that the mere sight of his clans rushing to the

attack produced a panic — not once, but several times — among those other very terrible fighting machines, the legions of ancient Rome; yet prolific, vital, ardent, courageous, and dominating, this high-hearted race that once held Europe in the hollow of its hand is now fighting for the remnant of its life and its language and its distinctive culture in the huts of Connemara, Donegal, Wales, Brittany, and the Highlands of Scotland.

What can be the explanation of so appalling a failure to make good? As one asks the question the words of the scientist come back to one's mind: 'When in any organism the down-breaking processes are in too high a ratio to the up-building ones, that organism is likely to fail when brought into serious competition with another of similar powers, but in which the ratio of disruptive to constructive tendencies is better balanced.' In other words, the race that has lived up to or beyond its income of thought and character is doomed to failure when brought into vital competition with less highly gifted but more economic breeds.

Vitality is a curious thing and hard to define. If I should ask the question, 'Are we Irish a vital people?' I should hurt both my own feelings and the feelings of most of my countrymen by the seemingly very uncalled-for nature of the question. And undoubtedly there seems to be a very general consensus of opinion among the other nations that we are a very vital people, intelligent, interesting, full of personality and life. But how shall we then define this vitality which we possess in common with other Celts, and which yet has been of so little use to us in that struggle for existence, not to speak of the struggle for military, economic, political, or artistic ascendancy in Europe?

Vitality means abundance of life, yet the history of Europe has been the story

of the death of the Celts as a dominant people, and of the failure of their vitality before the competition of those other races. Can it be possible that we are less vital after all, that though we have more vitality on the surface, more of that expansive superficial life that impresses external observers with our personality, we have less behind that brilliant and oftentimes quite fascinating exterior? Our enemies say that it is so, but, since they have usually had political reasons for belittling us, we have naturally treated their statements

as propaganda of little worth. Now, however, that we are thrown on our own responsibility, we shall have to face squarely some very serious questions that our own history and the history of the Celtic races generally are putting to us, and the first and most important of these questions is whether our vitality is largely spendthrift, or is such that it is capable of storing and digesting experience so that we may have a reserve of wisdom and of that deeper vitality, which is called character, against our hour of need.

THE GREAT DAYS

BY B. WORSLEY GOUGH

[Observer]

THERE have been great days, and they are dead —
Are dead: and we remember them with pride,
That they were ours — and all the joy that died
With them, and glory. They are fled
Beyond our calling, and the tears we shed
Are unavailing. Like the flight of dreams,
They fade and vanish, and their passage seems
A sudden gloom about the ways we tread.

Now must we ever tread those selfsame ways
In shadow — till the glory come again.
Though the great days are dead, yet shall rebirth
Renew their triumph in still greater days —
Some golden future, when this present pain
Is over, shall give back their joy to earth.

A PAGE OF VERSE

FROM THE ODE FOR THE TAILTEANN GAMES

BY O. ST. J. G.

[This is the speech of the King of the South, one of the characters in the ode that has been officially adopted by the Music Committee of Aonach Tailteann. A competition is now being held for the best piece of music written for this ode by musicians of Irish birth or parentage.]

[Irish Statesman]

KING, we have come to this noble place
From the mountainous South of the narrow bays,
Where isled in grass the short oaks grow,
Their low leaves wet by the tides below,
Where the golden seaweed is lodged and low
Till the tide returns as smooth and bland
As the tremulous path to Fairyland;
And the moon at night renews the track
With a ladder of light on the waters black.
A misty land that is poor in flocks,
Of tender valleys and heartless rocks;
With stout lowlanders and, wild without fear,
The deep-breathed runner, the mountaineer.
King, we will try on your plain of Meath
Who will in the running be left to breathe
As the circling race draws near its close
And our men, reversing their way with foes,
Fly from each other along the track
Who may for his running the prize bear back.
Our Bards will sing so the dead may hear,
In their green dun watching from year to year,
The Summer come with its grasses tall
And, after a longer interval,
The sweet youth ripen to women and men
To love, to challenge, to glory; and then
The green earth laps them; and all too soon
They join the Watchers within the dun.
We are come, O King, where the Games are sped
To share life's crown with the still-foot Dead.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

BETWEEN A BUTLER'S WINKS

At last it has appeared. For years modern society has wondered — and trembled as it wondered — why some indiscreet domestic did not publish his or her fascinating reminiscences. Mr. Eric Horne — presumably a *nom de plume* — has written 'a straightforward, unvarnished, and unsophisticated history of his fifty-seven years' experience as a servant to Earls, Lords, and Barons in their palaces and castles.' He has spared no one, fellow servants or employers, and has written what must be called a genuine human document, in spite of the almost inhuman treatment of many of the characters in it. There is no doubt that the book is entertaining, for all the colloquialisms and even the original spelling are preserved. With rare good taste, Mr. Horne does not give any of the people their real names.

Like many another famous book of reflections on the present state of society, *What the Butler Winked At* is full of pessimism. Here is one of the lamentations: —

Now that old England is cracking up, as far as the nobility is concerned . . . it seems a pity that the old usages and traditions of gentlemen's service should die with the old places, where so many high jinks and junketings have been carried on in the old days, now gone forever. The newly rich, who filled their pockets while Tommy was fighting . . . are a poor substitute for the real thing. . . . They may spend their money in giving fêtes, parties, balls, and use every device to get into society, or what is left of it, but all their doings will only be a sham, a poor substitute. You cannot make a silk purse out of a soured mackerel, neither will they command the same respect; it is simply so much work for so much money, and there the matter ends.

This alone is bad enough, but moral depravity has set in as well: —

English home life is all broken up. The husband may meet his wife at meals, and he may not; most probably not. At any given mealtime, or at any entertainment, the chances are that the gentleman will be found dining with a 'lady' not his wife and the lady dining with some gentleman not her husband. . . . When one is passing along Piccadilly on the top of a bus one can see the 'swells' lounging in their copious chairs, reading the newspapers, and smoking cigars. Pray don't envy them, for half of them go there to get out of range of their wives' tongues, who make it too hot for them to stay at home.

How different it was in the good old days when aristocrats had all the money. Mr. Horne was once in the household of a certain 'Sir Henry Cayenne' whose chief accomplishments were in the fields of pugilism and profanity. Indeed, the details of Sir Henry's fiery speeches simply cannot be reproduced for the edification of *Living Age* readers. A description of tying the necktie will have to suffice: —

The greatest display of language occurred when Sir Cayenne was dressing for dinner, and he was trying to tie a white necktie. Sometimes he would spoil twenty before he got one to his satisfaction. I would stand on his left hand, and as he spoilt them he threw them down in a heap on the carpet on his right; then I would hand him another. He would not let me tie one for him; but the swear-words he strung together was terrific.

Mr. Horne's next position was with a 'surley' though noble lord whom everyone hated.

His lordship's god was his clothes, and himself. He had about sixty suits of clothes. On Sundays he would make me carry them

all downstairs, and spread them out in a large bedroom on the ground floor. . . . When it pleased him he would come and begin to try them all on, in front of a long glass, one suit after another, which took hours. . . . But during the two years I was with him he never gave me a thing, not so much as an old worn-out necktie. . . . Servants were treated by him as though they were a lower order of beings simply sent for use and convenience.

On one occasion the Duke of Cambridge came to a shooting-party at this house and a lark pudding had been especially prepared for him. By mistake this fell into the hands of some of the servants, who innocently set about dispatching it as fast as they could. They had scarcely begun their feast when a waiter entered.

He exclaimed, 'Where 's the lark pudding?' He saw it, or what remained of it, on our table. 'Good God,' he said, 'that pudding was for the Duke of Cambridge.' He got a spoon and scraped it off our plates back into the basin, and squared it up as best he could. Had he been a few minutes later there would not have been any to put back.

The pessimism of the book is unquestionably caused by the fact that the author was never, by reason of his stature, able to achieve his early ambition of becoming butler to the King. To be considered for this post you had to be at least six feet high and the unhappy Mr. Horne 'stopped growing at five feet nine inches, and had broadened out not flabily but firmly.'



STRANGER THAN FICTION

THE recent death of Count Geza Mattachich has removed from the European stage one of the most extraordinary figures that ever passed across it. Born near Agram in Croatia, the Count became an officer in the Uhlans and gave certain promise of rising to

the heights of his aristocratic profession. At the age of thirty-five he was in Vienna, where the Princess Louise of Belgium was having a rather unhappy time as the wife of Prince Philip von Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, a man sixteen years her senior, whom she had married twenty years before when she was only seventeen. Captivated by the dashing cavalry-lieutenant, she left her husband and went off with Mattachich. His enormous name had won for Prince von Coburg the rank of General in the Austro-Hungarian army — he was the brother of Ferdinand of Bulgaria. In the punctilious eyes of Francis Joseph, a duel was imperative, so the husband unwillingly risked his life on the field of honor and was lucky to escape alive though defeated. He showed his gratitude for his preservation in two ways. First, he had his wife pronounced insane and shut up in an asylum; then he had Mattachich convicted of forgery and shut up in prison.

Four years passed. At the end of them, Mattachich was pronounced innocent, to the huge delight of an indignant populace. As soon as he was released he set about trying to liberate his heart's desire by fair means. Failing in this, he attempted unfair means and was at once successful. This was in 1904. Princess Louise had meanwhile forfeited her title and her right to a share in the enormous fortune that her dear old father Leopold had amassed in the Congo. But she was contented, as expert alienists in Paris had declared her completely sane.

Ten years of happy unmarried life followed and in 1914 the white-haired lovers found themselves in Vienna. When war was declared they tried to flee to Paris but were stopped in Munich, and Mattachich, though an Austrian citizen, was commandeered by the German army and sent to spend the next four years in a concentration

camp outside Budapest. He was not united with Princess Louise until after the Armistice. Since then they have been living in hotels all over Europe, sustained by memories of what they have suffered for each other. Mattachich was full of energy and contrasts. Always a fatalist, he was romantic and realistic, good-natured and sour, expansive and reserved by fits and starts. Cut out by nature for a splendid military career, an ironic destiny made him the hero of a tragic dime-novel.



WHAT NEXT IN FRENCH DRAMA

SPEAKING in Budapest, M. Henri Bidou, the eminent French literary critic, sketched the history of the Parisian stage for the last forty years and endeavored to indicate what new developments might be expected. Since 1886, when Dumas *fils*, Augier, and Sardou were finally losing their hold, various groups have appeared and disappeared. First, there was the Théâtre Libre, with Curel, Brieux, Lavedan, and Porto-Riche. They were succeeded by the more light-hearted Alfred Capus and Maurice Donnay; then came Bernstein and Bataille with drama of more serious social value. In 1912 these two men took up the drama of ideas, and the conception of Faith became an important element in the theatre. Maeterlinck's *Mary Magdalene* falls into this group.

But since 1912 nothing at once arresting and novel has appeared. Some of the old dogs of the drama have attempted new tricks; those who, like Brieux, perform the same old antics of twenty years ago attract even less imitation than praise. The future, if it is to be found anywhere, lies in the hands of the admirable little company at the Vieux-Colombier, whose director, Jacques Copeau, is striking out in new paths. He puts on a number of

plays by foreign writers—a vogue that is also being taken up by larger playhouses. Franz Molnar's *Liliom* is a growing success and it should lead to the future infiltration of outside influences on a national theatre which, even if M. Bidou did not say it, has always erred on the side of provincialism. The new theatre in other countries is developing the drama of personality and France will sooner or later be likely to follow suit.



G. B. S. IN MUSCOVY

THE pet clown of the British bourgeoisie, as the Bolsheviki call Bernard Shaw, has been brought up to date. Some time ago Hamlet's 'To be or not to be' soliloquy was changed into a long harangue on the gospel according to Karl Marx, and now Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra* has been made to follow suit in a somewhat different though no less impressionistic way. In the scene where Cæsar addresses the Sphinx, that venerable statue appears in the form of an enormous advertisement of a local firm of opticians. The place of action is a 'fashionable night restaurant' and on a backdrop representing an Egyptian portal there appear the latest quotations for the new Soviet currency in electric lights. The critics consider the author a 'passable playwright' who is 'too much imbued with bourgeois ideals and a narrow outlook on the world.'



LOOK OUT FOR ASPIRIN

ALMOST everybody uses aspirin sometimes. Only the most cautious people are afraid of it and a number of us use it frequently. *Conquest*, an English medical magazine, has some words of warning on the subject that will be of interest to many. Most aspirin, at least in England, is of inferior quality

and contains downright poison, but even the best kinds cause what is known as 'metabolic action' which accelerates the breakdown of tissues and output of waste products. Aspirin also dilates the blood-vessels and causes the temperature to fall. This alleviates pain and causes no serious after-effects unless too often indulged in. But Heaven help the aspirin-fiend. He may not know it, but he is suffering from incipient old age, his blood-vessels are dilated all out of shape, and the mere fact that he is an addict makes the drug a poison. Two courses are open to him. He must either stop having headaches or draw up his will.

daughter the truth. Lucia is grief-stricken, and it is her despairing cry that breaks the fragile illusion of Donna Anna, who sees that her son is dead the minute he dies in the heart of the young woman. But Lucia's mother is unable to take her daughter away and leaves her with Donna Anna, awaiting the coming of the new existence that will continue the life of the dead man and give him the truest immortality that nature can afford.

This play contains to an even greater degree than Pirandello's previous work that peculiar juxtaposition of objective reality and of a fiction projected by the human brain.

A NEW PIRANDELLO PLAY

LUIGI PIRANDELLO's latest play, *La Vita che ti Diedi*, — 'The Life I Gave You,' — has recently been presented in Rome. It is difficult to detach the plot from the atmosphere of thought and poetry that surrounds it, but to anyone familiar with Pirandello's methods a brief résumé will be suggestive.

The first words of the play are spoken by the mother, Donna Anna Luna, whose son has just died. She tells her sister that she will not see the priest who offers her consolation in the name of religion because she feels that in her own blood and brain her son's life is being continued. Finding an unfinished letter written by her son to his sweetheart, she completes it in a similar handwriting and dispatches it forthwith, her idea being to keep her son alive in the mind of the girl. The letter creates the desired illusion and the girl, Lucia, comes to the mother's house, thus fortifying the mother's belief in the continued existence of her son.

But this belief is short-lived, for Lucia's mother enters and tells her

STRANGE CAVE CREATURES

DR. STANLEY KEMP of Calcutta tells an extraordinary story of the animals that he and his exploring party found in an enormous cave in Assam in north-eastern India. Relating his experiences to the Zoological Section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, he said that the absence of light seemed to suggest a kingdom of blind creatures. As they stumbled through the darkness the explorers were amazed to find the place literally alive with moths, beetles, cockroaches, and spiders. Advancing farther they found the sides of the cavern so thickly covered with bats that you could not touch the wall without brushing against them. The cave was about three quarters of a mile long, but the darkness and abundant life within made it seem much longer. The most exciting episode was the discovery of the tracks of what appeared to be a huge cat. Tracing these footprints, Dr. Kemp and his followers were suddenly astounded to hear a great splash that sounded as if a rhinoceros had plunged into the waters of the cave.

BOOKS ABROAD

Carlyle Till Marriage, by D. Alec Wilson.
London: Kegan Paul, 1923. 15s.

[*New Statesman*]

MR. WILSON gives us, in this first of five volumes, a reasonable hope that he will paint a portrait of Carlyle which will make Froude's forgotten, and that he will complete a biography which, if it fulfills the promise of this book, may rank with the three or four biographies that can be mentioned becomingly in the same sentence with Boswell's Johnson. Mr. Wilson's method is a judicious mixture of narrative, of tradition spoken and written, and of letters. In this volume he is peculiarly happy in his use of tradition. No one who has been to Ecclefechan, and is familiar with Carlyle's life, can fail to realize that the Scotland of Thomas Carlyle's childhood is as remote as the Somerset of Squire Western, or the Oxford of John Wesley.

Mr. Wilson has been diligent to secure local information; he has read widely; he has had recourse to much unpublished material; and the result is an account of young Tom's home and surroundings, lively, duly proportioned, and vividly concrete. We see the child living with his father, 'the fighting mason,' watching lest the pig get into the potatoes, wondering as the men talk theology on the village green, running to his grandfather for tales of olden times, looking at the clogs being made or at Mrs. Jenny Lockhart putting the rolls in the oven. What strikes one most in contrast with the life of a child to-day, or of a rich man's child at an earlier period, is the absence of mere entertainment. Young Tom got entertainment from books; he got it from watching others work; but his instinct, supported by all the life he saw round him, was to turn everything to use.

It seems doubtful whether he ever took a conscious æsthetic pleasure in anything, except the sound of words. One of his chief differences with his father was his admiration for Burns; but even here he seems uneasy at his pleasure, for did he not write in his essay that, as to the author of 'Holy Willie's Prayer,' of 'Tam o' Shanter,' of 'The Jolly Beggars' and 'A Man's a Man for A' That,' he and Byron were 'in the camp of the unconverted; yet not as high messengers of vigorous though benignant truth, but as soft flattering singers, and in pleasant fellowship will they live there . . . they accomplish little for others.' That odd verdict — however applicable some may think it to Byron — could perhaps be shown to have its origin in the arduous life of Carlyle the child; or is it an unconscious tribute

to his stern and beloved father's disapprobation of the disreputable exciseman?

Perfection, by Eça de Queiroz, translated by Charles Marriott. London: Selwyn and Blount, 1923. 7s. 6d.

[*Manchester Guardian*]

THIS is not the first time that the novelist José Maria Eça de Queiroz — at one period Portuguese Consul at Newcastle-on-Tyne — has invited translation into English. Mr. Edgar Prestage is responsible for two at least of his *Contos*, and now Mr. Marriott gives us *Perfection* — *A Perfeicao*. Eça de Queiroz would seem to have attracted his translators no less by his untrammelled imagination than by his love of the exotic, his whimsical satire, his glowing yet delicate imagery, and — what is, perhaps, his special characteristic — his unique blending of realism and fancy. *A Perfeicao* is free from the influence of French naturalism, so predominant in Eça de Queiroz's novels, which, while making him the greatest Portuguese novelist of the realistic school, has lost Portugal a regional novelist of the first rank. That Eça de Queiroz would have become as famous as Pereda in the same genre, had his talent developed on similar lines, appears obvious from the excellent descriptions of country life and scenery which stand out as gems in the setting of his novels.

Perfection is the story of Odysseus and Calypso, 'the happy goddess,' who span 'from golden distaff with golden spindle the beautiful wool of marine purple.' Incidentally it satirizes man's ineptitude for perfection. It reveals the very human view that perfection, however much it be desired, is apt to cloy as a state. So Odysseus grows to hate the perpetual meadows, the eternal whiteness of the lilies, the gleaming sky, the transparent brooks, and the immortality of the goddess. His soul cries out for the sight of 'a body bowed under a burden . . . two steaming oxen pulling at the plough . . . a cripple on a mule begging at the doors of the villages' — for anything that will betoken change, effort, and suffering. And, despite Calypso's warnings, he departs 'for the toils, for the torments, for the miseries, for the dear delight of imperfect things.'

Mr. Marriott has apparently enjoyed his task of translation; he has not made it one of 'tedious transformation,' nor has *A Perfeicao* lost any of its spirit under his touch. He has evidently tried to understand the genius and sense of his author. It is for his readers to consider whether he may have expressed himself 'as justly, and with as much life, as if he wrote an original.'

L'Aube ardente. Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire de la société, by Abel Hermant. Paris: Alphonse Lemerre, 1923.

[Dni]

THE novel, *L'Aube ardente*, is the first part of a trilogy by M. Abel Hermant, *From War to War* — meaning the period between 1870 and 1914. This subtitle sufficiently characterizes the standpoint of the fine, talented, ironic writer, the chronicler of the Third Republic. His numerous previous works were chiefly concerned with the life of the bourgeoisie and the aristocracy. The 'lower strata' were touched upon only occasionally, when they came in contact with those other circles of society which the author thinks are the true exponents of the spirit of modern France. The chief characteristics of his style are his Gallic wit and an extraordinary analysis of every thought and every feeling culminating in a paradox.

The novel really has no plot. It is a description of the travels of a young Frenchman who went to Oxford and lived in the house of an eccentric poet who reminds the reader of Walt Whitman. There is much autobiography in the description of the humors and feelings of youth in the second half of the last century, living in the atmosphere of France's recent defeat. However, the force and the chief attraction of the book consist in the careful, reverent handling of youthful impressions by a thoroughly tried, inveterate, fine skeptic. In common with Vladimir Korolenko, the author pays much attention to the 'youth's anguish of spirit,' which he defines as 'not the disease of the age, but a disease of all ages.' He says: 'The fact is not at all flattering to the human mind that this disease has been diagnosed a hundred times without anyone noticing that it was not only old but eternal. It is but a transposition of the anguish of maturity. Each generation, upon reaching the age where it is ready to enter public life in some important capacity, ascribes to the whole of humankind its own physical and mental condition, its own anxieties, enthusiasms, and disappointments, its complex emotions, its endless thirst for the future, its youthful impetus combined with a boundless fatigue from all the past and all the prehistoric inheritance of mankind.'

From this standpoint the title, *L'Aube ardente*, seems indeed a pleonasm; for are not all dawns equally ardent?

Early Memories, Some Chapters of Autobiography, by John Butler Yeats. Dublin: The Cuala Press, 1923. 18s. 6d.

['A. E.' in the *Irish Statesman*]

It is to be hoped that sometime the letters and essays of John Butler Yeats will be collected in one volume, together with the *Early Memories*, a fragment of autobiography printed by his daughter at the Cuala Press. The two volumes of letters and the *Memories* were hand-printed in limited editions, and the style of publication, though delightful to the lover of beautiful books, makes it difficult for more than a few hundred people to enjoy the wit, the wisdom, the lovely curves and flowing ease of the writing.

When the poet's father began to write his memoirs he had come to an age when life casts overboard all its accumulations of experience which have not become precious to it. It was, perhaps, not conscious but unconscious selection, a process going on for many years, which enabled him, when he began to write, to tell us nothing which was not interesting in itself, and which was not made doubly so by the reverie which had distilled from circumstance its wisdom.

In the portraits by the elder Yeats he seemed to divine what there was of lovable life in the men and women he painted. He was no flatterer, and whatever there was of strongly marked character was portrayed, but still what was best in the sitter looked out through the eyes, perhaps was evoked by the personality of the artist.

Perhaps many of the wise things in this book are memories of inspired things said in that brilliant conversation some of us remember so well; and which he himself probably thought over with pleasure. All artists delight in the perfect expression of their ideas, from the Architect of the Universe, Who set sun and stars in their station and said it was good, down to the least of His children who find the inevitable word and are happy. In mere writing the *Memories* is distinguished. Not a sentence is heavy. That is because he is in love with the idea he is going to express, and he moves with lightness as a lover who goes to an adorable beauty who is his only, and whose feet walk as if on air at the thought.]



BOOKS MENTIONED

HORNE, ERIC. *What the Butler Winked At*. London: Werner Laurie, 1923. 12s. 6d.